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YEARS.

Years, careless years! see life knew aught of sorrow:
When every day was bright,
And peaceful every night,
And faith was strong and hopeful for the morrow.

Years, happy years! when life was one long morning:
When hope her roundelay
Sang o'er our blithesome way,
And pleasant flowers were all the path adorning.

Years, dreamy years! when Love with witching finger
Wove his enchanting web
Of subtle, unseen thread—
Around those hours like memory loves to linger.

Years, busy years! when life beings forth its treasures
Of high and noble deeds
Of which youth sowed the seeds;
Ah here we find sharpest, purest pleasures.

Years, waning years! when the ripe harvest reaping
Of hours of care and toil,
We cease from strife and moil;
We wait for rest—the rest which comes by sleeping.

Years, useless years! when the tired hands, no longer,
The instincts of the will
With energy fulfill,
But feebly droop—the tired hands work no longer.

Years, endless years! of love and peace immortal:
Fear not the dark thing yale—
Let not your courage fail—
'Tis but the entrance to the heavenly portal.

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER IX.

ALMOST WON.

"Ada is not up yet, mamma, and she was looking so sad and sleeping so sweetly, that I would not have to disturb her. I fear our early risings do not agree with her."

It was Edith who spoke, after having been up to call her cousin to breakfast.

"Let the child sleep," returned her mother. "Keep something warm for her, and she can eat when she comes down as well as now."

Ada thought it very late when she awoke, and springing out of bed, she threw a hasty toilet and hurried down stairs. When she entered the dining-room, the family were rising from the table.

"I think our early risings are not just the thing for you," her uncle said, banteringly. "They are bringing lilies to your cheeks instead of roses. Better enjoy your morning nap, my dear, and take pattern after the nightingale, and woo the roses later in the day. 'Better late than never,' you know."

"And the maxim you have just quoted applies to me, or the nightingale, uncle!" asked Ada, laughing.

"To the better singer, of course," he retorted.

"Shall Monsieur Cassino be the judge?"

"No, no!" interposed Edith, "Monsieur would not be an impartial judge. He said last night that Ada sang like a siren, and though I never heard one, I am sure that they rival even the nightingale."

"If Ada sings equal to a siren, had not Monsieur Cassino better look to his own safety?" asked Lizzie."

"Too late! too late!" echoed Edith, tragically. "Monsieur Cassino has listened too long. He is already under the enchanting spell. We can do nothing for him now. We can only warn others, and if possible, thus save them from sharing his fate."

Ada passed an hour or two with the girls in the orchards and garden, then went to her room to dress. She lingered long over her toilet. Solitude suited her mood to-day, and when she had dressed, she threw herself into a chair, letting her thoughts drift whither they would. Soon the clock down stairs struck eleven.

"It will soon be dinner time," she mused. "What a time these early-risers dine here. And I must see mamma before dinner. I shall tell her that I cannot go to New York. She will scold, of course! And Monsieur will be sadly disappointed, and it will all end in my wishing from the bottom of my heart that I had never come here, and that I had never seen Monsieur Cassino. How well he loves me! and I do wish I could love him, if only because mamma wishes it. I shall but consent to go to New York very soon, however. When I shall have seen papa I shall know better what to do."

Having settled this important point, a heavy weight seemed lifted from her heart, and humming a gay opera air, she went down stairs in search of her mother. She was not a little surprised when she reached the parlor to see Monsieur Cassino coming forward to meet her.

"Mademoiselle will excuse this early call, will she not?" he said, bowing and smiling. "You did not say at what time I should come for my answer, and I could wait no longer. Your mother, however, has relieved my anxiety, by informing me that you will go to New York. Great favors dwarf thanks, Mademoiselle. I can only say that you have raised me to the highest altitude of human happiness."

Ada swept her mother's face with a quick glance. It was calm, self-satisfied, and presented the most perfect picture of complaisant inanity she had ever set her eyes upon.

"It is my fate," she murmured to herself. "I can do nothing." And taking Monsieur's proffered arm she allowed him to lead her to a seat. He took his leave after a few moments' conversation, promising Mrs. Venner to come again in the evening, however, and Ada and her mother were alone.

Ada said nothing for some time, thinking that her mother would certainly give some explanation of her strange conduct. But Mrs. Venner sat rocking back and forth in her easy chair, placid as the Summer day without.

"I cannot see how you came to misunderstand me so last night, mamma," said Ada, after a very painful silence. "Did I not say that we would let that matter rest until you and I should talk it over again?"

"I think you did," answered Mrs. Venner, with surprising equanimity.

"Then why did you tell Monsieur Cassino that I had decided to go to New York?"

"Because I credit you with too good sense to reject Monsieur's invitation, and I considered the matter as good as decided."

"I question your right to decide for me, however," said Ada with firm intonation;" and furthermore, I shall inform Monsieur that I had made no such decision."

"You will tell him that! And you deny my right to decide for you?" gasped Mrs. Venner. "You! my only child, whom I have hoped would one day reward me for all my love and care! Oh, how often have I wished I had never had a child!" and Mrs. Venner raised her lace handkerchief—which was rather the worse for wear—and began to cry vigorously.

Ada's anger was gone in a moment. She was both rebuked and humbled. She could not lose sight of the fact that her mother had been guilty of a grave falsehood, and she shrank from her as if she had sullied her own soul; nevertheless, after her promise of the night before to her mother, she was ashamed of her own weakness. She came and stood near her mother's chair for a moment, then knelt at her feet, taking both her hands in her own.

"Don't cry, mamma," she pleaded; and the bright tears, clear as pearls, trembled on her long dark lashes. "I am sorry, very sorry, that I grieve you so. But it is so hard to do right when you can hardly see the way. But I will do as you think best. We will send for my wardrobe, and if Monsieur's mother comes, I will go to New York."

"I have sent for your wardrobe. I wrote this morning," retorted Mrs. Venner, wiping her eyes, now that she had gained her point.

Mrs. Venner may have been right when she declared that she could not lay off her dignity and put it on again like a Sunday garment, but she could not truthfully deny that smiles and tears were parts of her mental wardrobe, which she donned to suit the occasion; for let her be deluged in tears, the moment her point was gained she rose from her salt water bath, smiling and triumphant as a sea nymph. The matter was settled, however; Ada would go to New York, and Mrs. Venner was happy.

Informing her mother that they need not call her down to dinner, Ada went slowly and wearily up to her room. She spent the hours aimlessly. First she took up a book, glanced over a few pages, and threw it down again. Her mother was very dull, or she was incapable of appreciating his subject, which she did not know, nor care. She looked out over the sunny fields, but saw no beauty in them. Everything was stale, insipid, wearisome. Nothing interested her; she was utterly miserable. She leaned back in her chair, and closing her eyes, as was her wont when sad, tried to cease to think, whilst tears ran slowly down her cheeks.

Presently there was a light tap on the door. She dashed the tears from her eyes, took up the book again, and said, "Come in," in a voice meant to be cheerful. It was Edith—bright, joyous, sunny Edith, who had never known a sorrow in her life.

"You must have grown suddenly fond of solitude, cuz," she said; "I have seen nothing of you for hours. Mamma begged me not to disturb you even now. She said you were not well either in body or spirits, and work for Edith and Lizzie in her face with an odd twinkle in her blue eyes.

"That idea has exploded, has it not?" she asked. "I am only a country-girl, but I have learned by certainty that the man we love is invariably the man whom we cannot marry. Love and wealth never go together. The two are incompatible. Believe me, you must either marry for love and work for wealth, or marry rich and wait for love. I think I should prefer the latter rather than to work for wealth, for by the time I should have waited for love I would have grown cold, and one will have spent the best time of one's life for nothing."

"Then you do not believe in perpetual love? May I ask if you are betrothed, cuz Edith?"

Ada's voice had a touch of sadness in it, which if Edith noticed, she did not speak of then.

"Aside from my relatives? No. And if Monsieur Cassino would ask me I would marry him to-morrow, and risk the love part. Wealth and ease, with a handsome life partner, generous and kind, would be quite as much as the candidate to love that one can well imagine. Take the advice of one who knows, my dear, and marry Monsieur Cassino."

Ada looked at her cousin of her melancholy.

"I declare, Edie," she said, "you should have been mamma's daughter in my stead. You would suit her exactly. However, I imagine that when you see the man whom you finally expect to marry, your feelings will undergo a change. Let me ask a favor of you. When you do marry, will you let me know honestly whether you married for love or wealth?"

"Yes, I will exchange confidences with you. It shall be sub rosa between us two. It might not do for our husbands to find out that we married them for wealth. It might raise a connubial—that's the word is'nt it?—storm you know. When do you go to New York?"

"As soon as Monsieur's mother comes, I suppose. There is no particular time set," answered Ada.

"Well, mamma says that it is too dull for you here, and that I must think of something to amuse you. What do you say to a croquet party?"

"Oh, I don't care," returned Ada, languidly. Then recollecting herself, she added: "Anything will suit me, dear; and don't be offended with me Edie, for I am so utterly miserable, that I sometimes wish I were dead."

"I am weary, aweary, and I wish that I were dead!" sang Edith. She had no idea of being offended. She was of strong, healthy temperament, and had but little of the properties of the sensitive plant about her, and laughed at the idea of girls having nerves. "Wish you were dead, Ada! how can you?" she continued. "That would be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"Would it?" asked Ada, smiling rather wearily. "I was not aware that I was so terribly wicked, Edie."

"Why?" inquired Edith, blankly. "Oh!" she added, with a look of intelligence, "Ada Venner, what an incorrigible critic you are! I shall not stay with you another minute; and I shall have a croquet party, and do all in my power to inspire Monsieur Cassino with a grand passion for me. Heigh-ho! how I should like a trip to New York in your place!"

Monsieur Cassino came again in the evening. The lamps were not yet lighted in the parlor, and Ada stood alone at a window, looking out into the dusky twilight. She did not hear him cross the room, and he was at her side before she was aware of his presence.

"Of what were you thinking, Mademoiselle, if I may ask," he said, taking her hand in greeting.

"Of you," she answered, frankly.

"And what of me?" he asked, bowing with his easy, languid grace.

She veiled her dreamy eyes with her long silken lashes for a moment, then looked up in her truthful way.

"I will be frank with you, Monsieur," she said. "I fear I am rewarding you poorly for the interest you take in me. I believe that I am incapable of giving you the love you hope to win from me."

He flushed a little, but when he spoke his voice betrayed no sign of emotion.

"If you cannot give me the love I crave, you are not to blame, Mademoiselle. You gave me carte blanche to win your love if I could. I fail I shall deeply regret it; but let it cause me what pain it may, I shall never regret knowing you."

His kindness touched her deeply. She looked up, her eyes full of sad tears.

"I am not worth it, Monsieur," she said, with a touch of pain in her voice. "Believe me, I am not worth it. I can never repay you for all this devotion."

"Not worth it!" he said, passionately. "Not worth it! when to see you, to hear you, to pass an hour like this with you, is like tasting the ambrosia of the gods! No, you owe me nothing! You could owe me nothing if I were to devote whole years of my life to you. But I shall win your love, Mademoiselle. Such love as mine cannot go unrewarded. And when you are mine, I will make your life one long, sweet dream of bliss. Sorrow shall never touch you, my darling! I shall live only for you—only to make you happy."

She looked up at him standing there with the soft light falling upon the Hellenic beauty of his face; his dark melting eyes looking down tenderly upon her, and again that yearning tenderness so like love, yet so unlike it, rose up in her heart, pervading her whole being with its sad, sweet influence. She did not know that this was a vague, uncertain longing for that which she had lost in another, but was conscious of some great void which had awakened. They walked out into the flower-scented night—her hand on his arm—he talking in his mellow, persuasive tones; she listening; and the shadows wrapped the distant hills in darker gray, whilst the rustling leaves and many voices of the night chimed in with the soft cadence of his voice.

Slowly they walked among the long rows of poplars and creeping rose vines before the house, whilst the stars came out one by one, and the moonlight flickered like golden arrows across the uncovered hair, lighting up the stately figure and the intellectual face, making it look more attractive to Monsieur Cassino than it had ever been before. When with him, and under the influence of his mellow tones and seductive smile, she always lost that dread of him which haunted her almost incessantly in his absence. And now her clear laugh, sparkling with the Bohemian levity which attracted all who saw her, rang out every few moments, charming even him with its merry music. Then their voices sank to a low murmur, whilst with the moonlight and the purple misty shadows, toned down by the moon's soft rays to a lovely violet, lying all around them, he pictured such a mellow golden picture of his beloved Italy, that the girl cried out almost without knowing it.

"Oh! Monsieur, how I envy you the privileges the fairies have given you! It has been the dream of my life to see the grand wealth of art and scenery of that enchanted world."

"And why dream over an unrealized wish when it can be yours at a word?" he asked, in his persuasive tones. "Why not realize this dream with me as my wife? Fear not but that love will come with time. There is nothing you can ask that shall be denied you. You shall live in an atmosphere of painting and poetry, and delightful scenery; surrounded with all the sights and sounds that you love. You shall feast on fruits that the gods might well envy you. You shall see the world I have painted in such meagre colors in all its wealth, and pride, and magnificence. These are what you have dreamed of so long, and what you shall see if you will. And I will love you as devotedly as man ever loved. Answer me, my darling; may I call you mine?"

Her hands were in his, his luminous eyes pleading for him as no words could have done, whilst his rich tones thrilled her with a joy which was more triumph that she could move him thus than joy that she was loved so well. She did not know that she was under the influence of one who, though a man, could tempt like Circe and remain calm the while; as did Medea whilst her charms worked. She only knew that he painted the land she had dreamed of almost since she could remember. He had promised that in that dreamy lotus life she should forget all that was bitter in too pain. It were strange if the realization of a life-dream brought not happiness. It were certainly better than a life of vain regret. And again the voice of the tempter, low, soft and musical, fell upon her ear:

"You will be mine—all mine, will you not? You will go with me to my sunny, vine-crowned Italy—to the sweet realization of your life dream? Answer me my best beloved; will you go?"

The song of the siren was in her ear—the enchanted island just in sight, and all around her lay the lovely moonlight, and the violet-like shadows, and the calm hour of the night to enhance the beauty of the spell. She looked up again. He was still looking down upon her with eyes full of eloquent pleading—her hands in a passionate embrace. But his embrace woke no corresponding echo in her heart. This was not the love she had once known. That was a love richer, purer, holier, and it brought with it a peace, sweeter, deeper than any she had ever known before—sweeter she now believed than any she would ever know again. Yet she did not fully realize its loss. To the young, the knowledge of those things come slowly. Just now she was steeped no longer in real, but changed into a golden and tumultuous dream. She had no time, no power for regret. She only wondered what the world would be like when this rosy dream-like trance was over.

"You will not speak of this to any one. Not till I have returned from New York, at least," she asked.

"Of what? You have my promise, however, for you could ask nothing that I would not grant, my princess!" he said, softly touching his lips to her upturned brow.

"Of the promise I made you," she said. "You will not speak of it? I want to become acquainted with it myself, first."

"You have already begun your sweet tyranny," he playfully returned. "You have given me a hard task, but I submit. It is happiness enough to know that you are mine."

"Do you see how late it is?" she asked, as they turned and walked toward the house. "We must go in. You will come in, Monsieur, will you not?"

"Not to-night, I think. I have made myself so nearly one of the family of late, that it will be hardly a breach of etiquette if I go without a formal adieu. Moreover, I wish to be alone with my happiness; and I will leave you with yours. You are happy, are you not, my darling? You do not regret your promise to me?"

She shook her head, smiling up into his face. He bent his handsome head and pressed his lips to her forehead with passionate tenderness.

"It will be so long—so long till to-morrow!" he murmured in his soft Italian. "A rivederci, and sweet dreams, my darling!"

"How will all this end?" she asked herself, watching him as he walked away. "Well, it was Fate that did it, not I! I shall regret it, no doubt. But I will crush my heart before I will ever more love as I have loved. I will live out with bitter thoughts whilst I am still young; but none shall ever know. I will be a true wife, so help me Heaven!"

CHAPTER X.

LOVE AND CROQUET.

A sensible person must sigh over the pitiable sight of another cultivating society for the sake of being noticed by those above them in the social scale. There are the entertainments which one cannot afford, the inevitable sacrifices which crowd out all home comfort and friendly hospitality, the constant drain on the purse never too well filled, to say nothing of the chronic anxiety and a host of other evils which of necessity follow one's being obliged to associate with those with whom one has no social sympathy. Oh, what a mockery of friendship! What a ghastly sibbling at the apple of ambition, only to find it bitter at the core! Would we have no interest of giving any such picture as the above in this chapter, however, but having taken in to consideration the fact that most authors and authoresses are in the habit of doing so, concluded—wisely or unwisely as the case may be—to follow en suite.

The stage for the little drama which claims our attention, is a pleasant shady croquet ground on the eastern side of a large and very respectable looking farm house. The dramatis personæ were Monsieur Victor Cassino—so called by the fond croquet-ground personage of the group—Miss Ada Venner and her mother, Misses Edith and Lizzie Venner, and several young ladies and gentlemen whose names we do not deem it necessary to mention, being but not least, a lady fair, fat and forty-five at least. We say fair only for the sake of harmony, if the reader be inclined to think that the lady was fair. She was complexionless, if the lady had been tawdry instead of forty-five, she would have been called a brunette. We are undecided whether the words blonde and brunette are ordinarily apply to ladies who have reached the shady side of life, or not. It is our opinion, however, that when a woman has passed the meridian of life's day and star of love has begun to wane, that she is called light or dark as the case may be. Be that as it may, the lady in question was decidedly dark, and having once been handsome, still retained much of her youthful beauty, despite the white puffs or puffs with "many a silver thread" which graced her temples. She was sitting alone, on a rustic seat under a tree which stood at one side of the croquet ground, having strayed from the not too desirable company of Mrs. Venner to her present seat, from which she watched with some considerable interest the movements of the croquet players.

An animated game was in progress. Ada was dressed in a jaunty suit of black and white, relieved of its otherwise sombre appearance by white lace and rose-colored ribbons at the throat and wrists. The skirt was short, and very convenient for showing a pretty foot, and this desirable appendage Ada happened to have. With a sailor hat set coquettishly on her shining chestnut hair, she had never looked better in her life, and that is saying no little for Ada Venner. Near her stood Monsieur Victor looking tall, swarthy and handsome in his irreproachable after-dinner dress, and presenting a most perfect picture of genteel and insouciant amiability. Ada struck a ball and sent it flying with remarkable precision to its destined point.

"I challenge you to do better than that, if you can," she said, turning to Monsieur Victor with her brightest smile.

"As if I would try to eclipse you even if I could," he answered, his eyes speaking whole encyclopedias of undying devotion. "But that move was like every other that you make, too perfect to be excelled."

Her cheek flushed with pleasure. She was particularly desirous of pleasing Monsieur Victor to-day, and also to appear well in the eyes of others present. And then, what woman does not like delicate compliments? And in paying delicate compliments Monsieur was an fait.

The silent watcher under the trees had noted Ada's every movement "Fresh as a morning daisy," was her mental comment. "And where did she get her intellect, and that exquisite grace of movement? Not there!" glancing over at Mrs. Venner with a half ironic smile; "but despite the mother she is a lady by birth. What eyes she has! and what a happy faculty of making everyone feel at ease in her society. She could look into the world, and had learned to despise it accordingly. There is nothing so invulnerable that repeated blows, however light, will not have some effect in time, and through constant contact with the world she had grown blasé, but not enough to be cynical or unjust to others. So she watched the two playing love's little drama, thinking the while of her own bright youth, so ruthlessly blighted long years before, and which seemed to love her as devotedly as Monsieur Victor loved the fair young girl at his side. She thought, too, of the one short year of bliss that had been hers, and then the cloud into her eyes, for woman gathers the flowers strewn along her path and treasures them up in her heart, brightening with their tender radiance the darker years which necessarily come to her. But from out the shadowy depths of memory there looked a face whose glance left her own white with pain—a pale little face framed with soft, dark hair, and eyes in whose weak pleading voice it wrung her heart to hear, even whilst she held the child to her heart craving that she could not see it die, and saying God in pity to her! Ada was not the first her already overflowing cup of agony. And the pleasant croquet ground and the happy voices faded away into the distance, and she was again in the dreary hospital ward with the cold moonlight falling around her, gazing down upon the little face locked in that stony calm which answers not to the touch or voice of love, and the sobbing words in the unconscious ear of the wind, and the soft breathing of her infant brother, his cradle close by her side. Then her heart there was a gleam of tenderness which would not let her curse the author of all her misery. And still she clung to him though he brought her loss, suffering and poverty, that bitter poverty which often makes it impossible to obtain for itself a crust of bread. But thank Heaven she was free from guilt of any kind. She had nothing to reproach herself with, and would have died by her own hand rather than stain her soul with crime. Virtue is its own reward, and soon those agonizing visions of the past would cease to appear to her, and she turned her eyes on the present once more.

In Monsieur Victor's affianced wife she saw a woman with a spirit brave as her own. But a shadow, as of a bitter memory, swept over her face as her eyes rested on Monsieur Victor.

"He loves her," she murmured, "as well as men ever love"—for she remembered too well how her own undying love had been rewarded by a man's extravagant worship, that she could not love him. She admires his beauty and eloquence and accomplished manners, and it was these that won her," she added, reading with a sudden flash of light the meaning of the glowing, happy face, like an open book.

She understood by intuition, the sensitive soul which shrank without knowing it from a polluted touch, and her own fine sensibilities sympathized fully with the nature so like her own. There is nothing like sympathy of taste to make virtuous hearts coalesce, and virtuous sympathy needs not time nor proof to convince it of the worthiness of its object. It is instantaneous, electric, and knows its companion the moment they meet.

Despite the difference in their ages, Madame Cassino and Ada had not been together an hour till they were fast friends. The game was finished, and Monsieur Victor came again to Ada's side.

"Shall we rest awhile?" he asked. "There are others to take our places."

He gave her his arm and led her over to where the silent watcher sat.

"Why are you here alone, madre mia?" he asked, half playfully. "Do you think so much of your own society that you can find none equal to it?"

She looked up with a smile of rare affection.

"I was watching the game, or rather the players, and grew interested," she said briefly.

"And what did you think of us, madre mia?"

"Collectively or individually?" she asked, smiling again.

"Well, collectively—or, say you begin with this collection," he added, drawing Ada closer to his side.

"I have concluded," she answered, with a frankness very like that of Ada's, and which, to the eyes of strangers, had stamped them mother and daughter, "that if you are as true to all the vows you have made Mademoiselle, as she will be to all she may have made, or ever will make to you, there will never be cause for complaint between you."

Monsieur Victor bowed with the deference he might have paid a queen. The one golden thread woven in with the dark woof of this man's life, was an almost holy reverence for his mother. And though he often wrung her heart by his vices, she could bring him as humble penitent to her feet almost at a word, only to see him break his vows to her at the first temptation. And now, with something of regret for those broken vows shining in his dark eyes, he passed his soft hand gently over her faded cheek.

"Thank you, madre mia," he said in his soft Italian; "I am glad you honor my judgment. My Ada is full worthy of your confidence."

"But you honor me too much, Madame," interposed Ada, dropping Monsieur Victor's arm, and taking his mother's hand. "I have many faults, so many, of which you know not."

"You may have faults—you would not be human without them; but you have none deep or dark enough to leave a stain on your soul, ma chere," replied the other half playfully. "I have seen much of the world, and read character by a knowledge equal to inspiration, you see."

Ada scarcely heard her last words. She was looking down on the face before her with eager, earnest scrutiny. She could look into the woman's soul with a vision as clear as the other had scanned hers. "If she had only been my mother, how I should have loved her!" she mused, with a sigh.

Some one called to Monsieur Victor across the croquet ground, and he left them alone.

"So you have never been in New York, Mademoiselle, and living so near, too," Madame Cassino said, drawing Ada down beside her. "You are very unlike most young girls, ma chere!"

"But our own city is so large," responded Ada, "almost like New York, you know. I deserve no credit, however, for if New York were even less attractive than it is, and had led to green fields and woodlands, and rippling brooks, I had seen it before now."

"Then you love these things? I knew it, however. I could have told you that ere I had known you as long as you have been sitting here. I like people who are fond of nature. It is a safeguard against many evils in all my experience I have never known of an enthusiastic lover of nature plunging into great excess. It only they who see the sun rise and set day after day and year after year without even thinking of its glories only they who never listen to the rustling of the leaves, or the voices of the birds, or the music of the waters who are the great criminals. How do you pass away time here in the country, Mademoiselle? Do you never get homesick?"

"I do could we!" answered Ada, "when we have the garden and orchards, and all that to roam over," she said, pointing toward the hills along the river. "And we have nurse for the baby, and Lizzie has taught me how to knit, and we play letters from Paris, and have delicious hour-long talks about the dear old times when we were children in it? One would think I had followed music as a profession all her life.

A look of pain flashed across Madame Cassino's face. She rose from her seat in a moment. Ada's quick eye caught the look, though she did not understand its meaning.

"I am weary of croquet-life was given entirely to the game, and of speaking to her son," but I forget, Victor would not like me to speak of it now."

"It shall be the same as if you had not spoken of it, Ada," he answered in reply though he knew nothing concerned the fact of Madame Victor or anyone else, having decided a portion of his life to music. Perhaps it was fortunate that Monsieur Victor came up at that moment.

Did you not tell me that your cousin's heart was invulnerable to cupid's arrows?" he asked.

"Look there," she answered, pointing in the direction indicated she saw Mr. Gilbert Warren (who, though a neighbor to her uncle and often at the farm house, we have not thought necessary to speak of till now) and Edith standing apart from the others and apparently holding some sort of a discussion over a bouquet in Edith's hand. Her eyes were fastened on the bouquet and Mr. Warren's eyes were fastened upon her. Her cheeks were flushed, and she was looking very pretty and rather happy than otherwise. Presently she took a flower from the bouquet, and looking up shyly, gave it to him, which was convincing evidence that he had been pleading for that one flower all this time.

Some pictures suggest more than we can see in the pictures themselves, do they not?" he asked. "Looking on this one, one seems to read in Mr. Warren's very attitude:

I would I were a knight in days of old,
To conquer and win for you a crown of gold,
To stand apart and do battle
Among my foes forever more.

But looking on that," he said, pointing to where a gentleman of the party was making excruciating efforts to entertain two young ladies at once, and appear equally fascinating to both, "you read in every expression of Mr. Day's face:

"And what does this picture suggest?" asked Madame, looking up to where Monsieur Victor stood by Ada's side.

"Love, purity and fidelity?" he answered, promptly; drawing Ada's arm within his own.

"Very well," responded Madame Cassino; "tell me the same ten years from now if I am still with you, and you could not make me more happy?"

She did not seem to fear that she would shake Ada's faith in her son. She was truthful herself, and she hoped, that with Ada, her son would be truthful also. He life had been restless, discontented, and it was only that they Ada should know it, and she flattered herself that she was kindly paving the way to the conclusion, which must of necessity end in a bitter struggle. But Monsieur Victor had no intention of making a confession of any kind to his promised bride. For once he was clearer sighted than his mother. He knew that he could do as he pleased with Ada's heart surely than to hold up to Ada Venner's gaze the record of his life. It cost him no effort to read his mother's blame concerning the matter, and he resolved to speak with Ada about it as soon as possible. He would tell her how determined he was to reform; how determined that no sorrow should ever come to Ada through him; how anxious he was to win the highest place forever from his sight, and he knew that he could win her over to see things as he saw them; or, if he could not do that, to prevail on her to say nothing further.

It seemed that with Madame Cassino a new element had come into Ada's life. Here was the sympathy she had needed, and as she grew better acquainted with the woman she seemed to understand and sympathize with her every thought and feeling, she began to think less of what she had lost, and more of what she should gain by wing Monsieur Victor's wife; and it was with feelings unrealized with regret that she found herself floating down the river one golden afternoon, with the picturesque banks of the Hudson frowning down on either side. And the moon that came down with its languid stillness and dreamy sounds, and moonlit splendor, softening, with its subdued light, the trees and villages along the banks into immovelizable beauty. Monsieur Victor was leaning over the side of the steamer apparently oblivious to everything save the fragrant cheroot between his teeth. Ada and his mother had come out to enjoy the splendor of the night, and were now sitting on some chairs he had brought for them; both thoughtful, both silent. There is nothing more fitting to call up pleasant memories, and lull to sleep bitter ones, than gliding over silent waters murmuring their own vespers, through the sublime stillness, and subdued radiance, and shadowy lineliness, of a soft Summer night. All the tales of fairy love she had ever heard or read came fresh to Ada's mind. All the romance and poetry within her was aroused.

"What a grand picture that is yonder," she said, at length, pointing to a magnificent hill crowned with trees which seemed to shoot their long branches into the dusky canopy above. But it is not worth the trouble to look at it. But it has all been as beautiful to me. I have not looked on a feet of ground since we started, that was not worthy the inspiration of a Swiss landscape."

Then Michael Angelo is your favorite among old painters? And why Michael Angelo, ma chere?"

"Because it seems to me that he must have painted as no other man could—that he must have breathed that purity of soul into his pictures which fills his works. Then looking on them one feels that they are true to nature, understand me, do you not?"

"I can easily believe that I do not exactly comprehend your meaning," answered Madame Cassino, "but you make me understand your idea well."

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"I can easily believe that I do not exactly comprehend your meaning," answered Madame Cassino, "but you make me understand your idea well."

The kindly eyes encouraged her to go on. But Ada was embarrassed. The idea of explaining anything to Madame Cassino was ridiculous. Nothing to Madame Cassino was unintelligible. Her mind was too clear, too well balanced, too free from prejudice, too far removed from all affectation of the subject, which has no desire to possess that object, however it free from any intellectual defect. But Ada was too young to see to hear and be near its idol, and asking nothing in return but a sympathy such as the angels might give mortals, if it were possible, could not but feel it touches with a halo so rare, that one could not fail to recognize it, as soon as one enters its presence. Such love seems too god like for earth. Does it not? Ada felt that her dream eyes glowing with admiration. Yet it was true that Michael Angelo gave Victoria Colonna; the only love, too, that ever stirred the pure current of his life. Ada would find a love like that," she murmured, forgetting that she was speaking to the woman whose son she was to marry, how like heaven earth would seem!"

"You will never find it ma chere," rejoined Madame, sadly, "believe me, you will never find it. That type of love, so far as men are concerned, died out with Michael Angelo. There are women, however, who can love with the purity and devotion of Michael Angelo, who would suffer for love as men never do, who would go down into the depths of poverty beside a true heart, and never murmur; but whose love the wealth of the Indies could not buy, and you, ma chere, are one of them."

Ada started. She had no power to acknowledge Madame's compliment. Had Madame divined her secret? she wondered. Did she know that she had promised Monsieur Victor her hand whilst her heart was in the keeping of another? She must confess everything to Madame. She could not accept her hospitality with so grave a secret hid from her. She would tell her all. Just then Monsieur Victor spoke close beside her, his lighted cheroot held daintily between his thumb and finger. Monsieur Victor

turned to own—without knowing it—a peculiar facility for making her society just when she was about to do some important thing. Now, however, she gave a sigh of relief. His presence relieved her from a very unpleasant duty, and something whispered her that some unlooked for event would release her from it altogether.

"I see by the expression of your face a few moments ago, that you were enjoying the evening," he was saying. "Then you do not regret that you are here?"

"How could I, when I have all this to look upon?" she said, gracefully sweeping her hand about her. "And you, Monsieur, seemed to enjoy your cigar exceedingly."

"Because you were near," he murmured in her ear. "Anything were enjoyment if you were by me. Imprisonment for life would not seem so terrible a thing if shared with you."

She smiled a little doubtfully. Freedom was such a blessed thing.

CHAPTER XI.

FAIRY LAND.

A Summer morning just verging into autumn; a dainty breakfast in a large airy dining-room, and seated at the table are Monsieur Canton, his mother and Ada Venner. Every desirable luxury that wealth could procure was here. Costly flowers shed their exotic fragrance about the room, and the soft, subdued light coming through the delicately tinted glass, the costly silver and rich viands, and elegant furniture, were well calculated to make one forget the sight of the world and feel as if one were enjoying a veritable "Arabian Nights' entertainment." Naturally of that sensitive temperament, to which all pleasure is infinite joy, and all suffering keen pain, Ada revelled in this new life with a relish, dropping into the niche assigned her, with all the ease and grace, and delightful languor of royalty itself. She did not think of the past, nor how soon all this would become old, or how soon she would tire of it. She only accepted it as if she were born to its splendors, or as if she were stepping out from a world not suited to her upon an enchanted island, where she was sure of being so entranced with its magnificence as to entirely forget the life she had left. In the newness of the thing, and in her supreme ignorance of the world, she did not dream but that this might go on forever, if she willed it. In her own eyes she was as some gifted fairy, who need only wield her magic wand to bring her whatever she wished for—the golden glitter of this new life, she entirely lost sight of the fact that she was never meant for a doll of fashion; that she was too truly a woman to admire those things to the forgetting of all other ties, for long. She was like one enjoying a blissful dream—so wrapt in the pleasures of the moment that she thought not to look beyond it. Love, he, her youth and inexperience, it was all one enchanted Arabian dreaming her closer to its embrace with the unfolding of every charm. Of the rotten core at the heart of this seemingly luscious pomegranate—of the asp hidden in the veiled leaves of the rose, she took no thought. Every thing upon which her eye rested was fair to see, and satisfied, for the time being, the yearnings of her nature, and she was content.

"We need not apprise our friends of our return for a few days, Monsieur Victor was saying to Ada, as they arose from the table, "as soon enough, for as he ever so still. Ada is so fond of quiet we will let her have time to get accustomed to her surroundings before she begins to see much of New York society. I must introduce you to my library," he added, turning to Ada. "You can find desirable food there for your mind, for a week at least."

Ada's eyes brightened.

"I never ever grow lonely when I have a good book for company. Your library is extensive, Monsieur Victor, I am sure."

"Not overextensive as it is now," he replied. "Many of the treasures I brought from Italy with me and the beloved I selected at different times and with great care. Shall we go now?" he added, rising from the table.

The tone into which he had let her looked out upon the street below, and was a very paradise of beauty. It was octagonal shaped, and hung with rose-colored silk, starred with silver spray of Monsieur Victor's own device and taste, and was delicately enough furnished for a lady's boudoir. A large bay window was filled with tall tropical plants, spreading their fan-like leaves to the light, and in the centre of the floor a vase of rare exotics shed their delicious perfume. And, over all, rested the soft, subdued light from the violet stained glass, enhancing the beauty of everything that met the eye, and giving to the whole room the appearance she had read of the home of the fairies.

Monsieur Victor seated her in one of the easy cushioned chairs, whose soft, delicate colors seemed to be a part of the restful scene, and crossing the room, threw open the door of the book -case to her admiring gaze. Tables, screens, works from the fashionable artists of the time and sat down beside her.

And selecting a volume from the treasures he had brought, he began to read to her in his rich, full tones some of the choicest tales and stories of chivalric knighthood that are scattered through the old world lore, and the arrangement of matter to make such a delightful picnic. And none knew of the treasures of the time like Monsieur Victor. And in his mellow, flute-like voice, with a woman's undying devotion and love of the knights stronger than death, and Ada forgot all else but Monsieur Victor and the circle of social beauty of which she was the queen.

"You will read for me, now, will you not?"

And throwing himself on a sofa, he drew her low chair close beside him, and placed the book in her hand, and, taking up the delicious strain where he had left it, he gave her every satisfaction as well as Monsieur's entertainment. She was entirely ignorant of the fact that Monsieur was thinking more of her than of what she was reading, as he looked down upon her. The pure impulses that had moved him when he first began his wooing were in a manner dead. Sometimes, however, her innocent manner would call up for a moment the ghosts of those pure impulses, only for them to sink still lower beneath the evil that ruled him. And even as soon as he could crush them down. Still he loved her after his own fashion, respected her as he had never respected any other woman save his mother, and, in fact, for like did he had men his faith in the sex was none so strong—believed her as pure as an angel, and was determined, by some means, to win her for his wife. He had brought her here with the firm purpose of making her his wife before she returned home. He had thought it all over before giving the invitation, and had determined to so surround her with all the appurtenances of wealth, and so dazzle her with a great a desire for beautiful things, that whilst the glamour of those were upon her, she would consent to his wishes.

Monsieur Victor was a man of the world, and had scanned, with the eyes of a connoisseur, every expression of her face and intonation of her voice whilst speaking of her old lover, and in his keen sense of hearts there was a burning hatred of Harry Delmont. Ada once his, and Harry Delmont would trouble him no longer. He even fathomed himself that he would be proud to have Ada Venner, if only to let him see what he had lost and what he himself had gained. His passion for all the more he had made her, and he was determined to have her at any cost. He meant to so distract her mind with the things she loved, that she would have no time for regret.

The only thing that had really troubled him was this: If she should ever question him in regard to his past life—and she was one to feel confidence for confidence—for having nothing in her own life to conceal, and being pre-eminently truthful herself, she would desire to see who or not, and he dared not lull her mind with false pages. That was one in earnest, or as much so as it was in his reckless, dissolute nature to be, and he wanted her esteem and confidence. This thought had not troubled him for long, however. Weaving his bride was a far more important question than how he was to manage to appear well in her eyes afterwards; besides Monsieur Victor had an exceedingly bad memory in regard to difficulties. His inventive genius had never yet failed him. If the matter ever came to a point where explanation was necessary, his eloquence and ingenuity could help him out. Should he be discreet, so unused to restraint of any kind, that any plausible story would satisfy her, and by promising his mother a thorough reform of his old habits, he could make her think that the end justified the means, and reconcile her silent.

There were his thoughts, whilst Ada read on entirely ignorant of what was passing in his mind. He was always happy when near her, and trying them guided to the fair, beautiful, animated face, few soft breath fanning his cheek, a genuine pain pierced his heart as a possibility of losing her occurred to him. Madame soon looked in on them, smiled approvingly, made a few remarks, and left them to the soft violet light, the exotic fragrance of the flowers and the splendor of the room, all so well calculated to facilitate Monsieur's wooing.

There was a very warm spot in Madame's heart for Ada, and though she was poor, nothing would have pleased her better than to see her love her son. Madame was an admirable exception to the common rule. She looked upon poverty only with kindly sympathy for those who had to endure it; but valuing, through experience, wealth, she could not tolerate. Perhaps the few years of privation and suffering that she herself had endured had taught her a valuable lesson—perhaps the feeling was born with her but be that as it may, it was there, and had brought sunshine into many a lowly home. Ada's poverty was no bete noir to her. The girl was a lady. She would pass anywhere for a lady of high birth, and Madame saw in her the characteristics of a noble woman; and as for wealth, her son was rich enough for both. This is saying much for Madame Canton, when her own aristocratic blood, and the views of the people among whom she had been reared, are considered. However, though it raises her for above the average of women, it merely stamps her as possessed of all the goodness and intellect we have claimed for her.

Only one unpleasant thought concerning this marriage haunted her mind. Death! Her son, she knew that he was not worthy of Ada Venner. Yet he was not the same man since he had known her, and under her influence he might reform. He certainly would, for he loved her, and she doubted his ever having had true love before.

"He will not tire of her and seek other ones to excite upon him," she mused, looking tenderly over her fair young face.

"No, he will not tire of her; her world is so far removed from his, that she will always be new to him. And she is one of the few whom the world cannot contaminate. Death will never rub that spotless bloom from her pure young heart. She may go through the world's hottest fire, but she will come out pure gold. With such loveliness, such grandeur, such superior intellect and beauty of soul, she is just the woman to mould men's lives to her will, and loving her as he does, Victor will be safe. So may it be, and Heaven! how much I shall owe her, if through her, he fulfills all my fond hopes for him."

Luncheon was served in the library where Madame, when the silver and costly viands were removed, sat with them an hour or so, Monsieur Victor reclining his handsome length on the sofa with Ada beside him, whilst they toyed with delicious confectionaries. Madame's sofa out after a while, and in that delicious dream-like quiet which one can feel, but never explain, the hours flitted by, swiftly, silently, as if they were too fraught with supreme happiness to be counted. Ada's eyes were grateful often, and ever all, rested the soft, subdued light from the violet stained glass, enhancing the beauty of everything that met the eye, and giving to the whole room the appearance she had read of the home of the fairies.

Monsieur Victor seated her in one of the easy cushioned chairs, whose cool, delicate colors seemed to be a part of the restful scene, and crossing the room, threw open the door of the book -case to her admiring gaze. Tables, screens, works from the fashionable artists of the time and sat down beside her.

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"Read it, ma chere," said madame, kindly "One can never enjoy a meal with an unopened letter in one's pocket. Read it, so that you will not feel obliged to hurry through your breakfast."

Ada broke the seal and glanced down the hastily written page. There was the bold, generous chirography so characteristic of the writer; the old familiar pet names he had used to her in days gone by, and his unbounded love for her, speaking for itself in every line. She did not care to read the letter through, for the tears would crowd themselves into her eyes, and she could not keep them back, and she turned the letter over to read the last loving word, intending when that was done to put it away where she might be alone.

There was a postscript at the bottom (for Mr. Venner, though a man, was not above an occasional postscript), which ran thus: "You will be glad to hear, my darling, that your father gladly have made it more had not our circumstances forbidden it. It will brighten up your wardrobe a little, however, and I insist that you spend it freely. Do not study to return to me when we meet, thinking thereby to give me pleasure, for by so doing you will pain me greatly. We were not want to use evasions with each other, my daughter, and I am in earnest assured I mean every word I have said."

The cheek had fallen unnoticed into Ada's lap when she had opened the letter, and she took up now and replaced it, the tears swelling up afresh to her eyes.

Ada had received a letter from her mother a few days before, and had read it in Madame's presence, but there were no tears. Madame saw her tears now, though she affected not to see them, and knew that they were tears of affection, and from this drew her own conclusions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARISIAN KNICK KNACKS.

Although it is generally conceded that for a dinner de ceremonie a table of fifty or sixty seats on a white cloth, without gloss, is alone fashionable, many entertainers in Paris have been revived, gala lunches are graced with colored table linen, having bright red, blue, or yellow designs. Dessert are served in the old-fashioned red linen, barred with dark blue and white. Napkins are made in the same style, but these sets are very rare and very expensive. Some of the table covers are grey, and have borders in shades of yellow or purple. Finger glasses match the yellow border. Table cloths are bordered with blue, the same blue as the china used for coffee and tea. These services are made in England for the Paris trade. In general dark linen is used for odd collations, as it is never fringed. It is supposed to be selected dark, in order to prevent stains caused by fruit and acid; but economy is only a pretense and a new fashion. Whenever an impromptu meal is taken in any part of the chateau not the dining room, it is considered good ton to have the table cloth in each of the four corners. This is done in order to form a straight fold between any accident from sweeping rare light crystal upon the floor. The idea has originated the invention of an immense number of little dishes, exclusively intended to spare the crumbling of table linen. Among novelties in this line are pitchers, gilt rims fish dishes, of which the claws grasp each corner, and look as if gilding up to the top of the table. This fashion is exceedingly preferable to knots, which spoil the prettiness of a meal, and contract the size of a table. It certainly has the merit of not spoiling the idea of a picnic collation. When menu cards are held up by butterfly stands, the tiny coffee cups are placed in the cups of the same place handles. The new ice dishes are swinging gipsy cauldrons suspended between three crossed gilt rods which form the tripod. The stakes used by fifteen nomads on their transporting expedition. Trickle dishes are elongated Indian canoes, the spoons are silver oars. They glide over the damask surface on four quaint, swiftly bringing to each plate those highly-spiced condiments to which Indian palates are so partial. Some of the freshest fashions are the grenadine net, to shield imitation a frozen sheet, on which are encrusted, as if actually icebound, a quantity of silver comfits, while the wind is supposed to have shaken on the glassy surface.

The new way to set a seating and would certainly not be fancied by our grandmothers, for the truth is that each cup and saucer taken up against the left hand, and all on one side. The set, being placed in a circle on a tray, forms a beautiful star. The contour of the cups and saucers is uneven; the one side of the latter is on the vant, and the stands have to be placed this by side when the tea service is laid. The cups are of the same shape, but they look crazy. Some of the porcelain flower vases are square, and called "jardinieres." These are very perfect. The Watteau hat is the most rustic, it imitates to perfection the fall of the flapping hat, while the opposite side conceals the deep water receptacle.

Among the knick-nacks which lie on boudoir tables are the pretty little pin stands of velvet, with porcelain wreaths round the portrait, there are new and curious likenesses of fine china. These are no longer made to stand up in a vase, but to lie about on marble tables. The cups are placed in the saucers, but in order to look as flowers should when lying on a hard surface, a perfect round, with undulated leaves and petals, never to be found in flower to perfection; but the new porcelain flowers are so wonderfully colored, and so delicately shaded and veined, that the deception is really very great. They are likewise strewn about on low tables. The dahlia, the camellia, and the waterlily are imitated to colored crystal for prosetvers round wax lights, which are placed in the midst of the epergne. The most favorite subjects for the lady's table is to have cupids entirely white, either leaning or supporting some part of the epergne. The cupids are very perfect. The Watteau hat is the most rustic, it imitates to perfection the fall of the flapping hat, while the opposite side conceals the deep water receptacle.

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Lacemaking and Tattooing in Spain.

Lacemaking and tattooing are two branches of female industry, the former is confined to Catalonia and other southern provinces; the lace being made on an oblong pillow, and the gains of a good maker being about 1s. 3d. per day. The women work in the latter's shop from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M., and only receives 10d per diem, without meals. The girls who ply the needle and thread in the latter's shop are of greatly to be pitied, being in a position analogous to that held by the poor seamstresses of London. Many of their employers, it is said, many of them have to find their own needle and thread; one hour only is allowed for meals.

Dressmakers and seamstresses are few enough, and the poor girl who takes a place to learn her own dresses, nay, since she is no musician, does not care to read even novels or periodicals, and is left to herself, what can she do? Her idle hours are always occupied with needlework or embroidery.

We have spoken in our short retrospect of wages and employment of the Spanish poor; it is necessary to speak of schools and the education of the poor.

Education was some few years since greatly, if it is not now, at a low ebb. Some of the impetus was given to it during the reign of Amadeo or Isabella, when schools were founded for the children of princes, and on the birth of a republic of Castelar, education was made compulsory and free to all classes.

In the year 1863 only one in 350 could read or write, or do both, now one in every ten children can read and write. In the village schools the education is simply wretched; the children learn but very little, and that little is not taught well. The girls' schools in large towns and cities, both of which are paid for in part by the Town Council, the education is somewhat better, but by no means mind is fully equal to the education offered to children in any national school in England.

The children pay but little, 1d. per diem. At least, three or four thousand children are receiving a free education in the various Protestant schools scattered throughout the Peninsula, which offer a very cheap and exceedingly good education. But with all this, in the rural districts it is very hard for a child to obtain a good education.

—Washington, Franklin, the Revolutio a Civil War, and crowds genuinely in this country a favorite subject with French playwrights. The productions are not exactly in accordance with historical truth, but they generally commended and entertaining.

LOVE.

Vision of beauty! Vision of light!
That comes with the gladness of night,
When darkness retires in the rosier air,
But shines even in dreaming home is there.

Ever so dear thou art to me,
Coming in full rosy noon to me,
Ever to chase, coming in blue
Even mine sadness to you.

Bringer of joy, bringer of peace,
Bringing each heart a secret release
From all that is weary, all that is sad,
As many a tongue may well declare.

Vision of beauty! Vision of light!
Through misery's dark, in sorrow's night
Thy presence is there, thy voice is near,
And even a whisper can banish fear.

For thee, there is ever a Winter time,
For thee the flowers ever in bloom,
And over a vernal breath divine.

Though silvery white are the locks of years,
And life and death are ever at strife,
Thy shining presence as brightly beams
As of old it gleamed his youthful dreams.

W

CECIL'S WAGER.

"Come, I'll bet you two dozen of Hochheimer's best sixes and a half," said Cecil Vane to her friend Miss Vane, as she stood on the gallery of Wilmer Castle, watching the departing guests.

"Well, that is old in the eyes of a girl of nineteen," retorted Cecil, tugging mischievously at the long white feather, for the two girls were sitting on the shingle of Walmer Beach, indulging in that very womanly but not exciting occupation.

Louise and Cecil Vane were orphans, but had been carefully and tenderly brought up by their mother's sister a Mrs. Charteris—herself a widow—and were now spending with their relative their annual month or six weeks at the seaside.

Louise, the elder of the sisters, was a tall, fair, dignified-looking brunette of some two-and-twenty, with clear cut, regular features, and of rather reserved deportment. Cecil, on the contrary, who was three years her junior, was a petite, piquante brunette, with large dark eyes, much nose—yes, literally much—the rosiest of lips, the whitest of teeth, and a demeanor that might be truthfully characterized as saucy.

"I think," pursued the elder sister, with that air of condescending patronage which the engaged of the sex consciously and precociously display towards those who have not yet been appropriated, "that it would be wiser and more discreet, Cecil, for you not to adopt a little more reserve whilst speaking to and of gentlemen like——"

"Like your dignified self, oh, sagest of sisters!" laughed the wilful Cecil.

A little nettled, Louise Vane was about to make a sharp retort, when a low, deep, melodious voice from behind them said, archly:

"Good morning, fair Cecil, fair ladies."

The sisters turned and hastily rose from their improvised seats of shingle, for, standing behind them, hats in hand, and with a smile of recognition on their face, were Major Ross and his friend Captain Dynevor, who had strolled down from the hot, stuffy barracks to catch a whiff of cousin the beach. So many persons were wont to do the same thing up and down the long stretch of shingle, that the footsteps of the two officers had not been heard by either of the girls, until, as stated, they had sauntered sufficiently near to be able to address them.

Louise Vane received them with the self-possession of a thoroughly well-bred woman. Cecil grew scarlet, but at the same time dignified. Four little Cecil, on the contrary, grew hot and cold by turns, and then flushed crimson over face and brow. How much might she not have overheard of what she had been saying to her sister?

"What should you say to a walk with us as far as Kingsdown, Louise?" asked Capt. Dynevor of Miss Vane, of whom he had taken possession as a matter of right, his brother, the colonel of the depot, being that young lady's fiance. "I know you'd both like to look at Ross' new yacht. She's a little beauty."

"I what, sire is she, Wilfrid?" inquired Louise Vane.

"Oh, only about five tons. Just large enough to take four or five of us for a cruise."

"I know. Like those little model yachts one sees on the Serpentine."

"Precisely."

"Stupid little abortions!" said Cecil, contemptuously. "They are no bigger than rowing boats."

Wilfrid Dynevor cast an amused glance at Cecil, who had taken Major Ross' arm, for the quartette were now proceeding toward Kingsdown, by the way of Walmer Castle—and continued:

"Her name is the Tarantula."

"Oh, that is really too bad!" exclaimed Cecil.

"We will call her the Cecil, if you like," put in Major Ross, with a demure smile, and a quick glance downward at the bright face at his side.

Cecil got her coquettish artillery in order, and fired her first shot.

"Thanks, no," she said, casting an arch glance at the handsome, stalwart major, through half-closed dark eyelashes. "That will be charming. Thanks, monsieur, for the compliment."

"Henceforth my yacht is the Cecil," said Major Ross, gallantly.

"That's one for me," thought Cecil.

"I hope, Miss Cecil Vane," put in Dynevor, mischievously, "that your change of name of his yacht may not be ominous for Ross."

"How so?" asked Cecil.

"Why, you know, the bite of the tarantula is deadly."

Cecil colored, in spite of herself. She fancied Captain Dynevor penetrated her design of bewitching the sedate-looking soldier on whose arm she leaned.

"Oh! I daresay Major Ross can take care of himself, he is——"

"Old enough," she was about to say, when a glance from Louise warned her of the audacious she had been about to perpetrate, and she stopped suddenly.

Major Ross smiled.

"You have a fair mind pleasantly, "that you often put me in mind of Shakespeare's Beatrice?"

Cecil did not know whether to take this as a compliment or otherwise. It might be complimentary to her powers of repartee. But, on the other hand there was no disguising the fact that Beatrice was somewhat free and easy in her habit of addressing gentlemen—rather forward, in fact.

"I do not altogether admire Beatrice," she said, hesitatingly.

"Not admire Beatrice!" exclaimed Ernest Ross. "In my opinion, she is the very queen of comedy."

"Perhaps so. But only fancy her being talked into falling in love with Benedict."

Benedict was equally foolish."

"Ah; but Benedict was a man," retorted Cecil,

"That means," said Major Ross, laughing, "that men are so vain that the more blast by a third party that a woman admires him will bring a man to that woman's feet."

"Women are more prudent and reticent," said Louise Vane, with dignity.

"Not always," returned Major Ross, quickly. "I believe that in her heart of hearts, Beatrice always intended to try to captivate Benedict, even if she had not overheard the other ladies praising him."

Cecil colored scarlet. The subject was getting warm. She began to feel certain that Major Ross had overheard her wager with her sister.

"And," continued the major, relentlessly pursuing his advantage, "I believe the very first thing she was going to do in the garden is the shafts of feminine artillery"—here he glanced maliciously at Cecil—"puts the whole net in arms, to see who shall have the glory of finding her first—the handsome oak in the armor in which he has encased himself."

"I haven't scored this time," said Cecil to herself. "That's one for him." Then she said, aloud, "But, surely, you do not call Beatrice a coquette?"

"Oh, yes, I do, and one of the most dangerous sort."

"And that is——"

"Those who hide their intention to captivate the opposite sex beneath the mask of indifference."

Cecil, for once in her life, when indulging in badinage with a gentleman, had not a word to reply. She felt, as she afterwards expressed it, completely "shut up."

Dynevor and Louise Vane had strolled on a long way ahead, and were waiting opposite the Zetland Arms, at Kingsdown, for their companions to join them. In front of that inn, drawn up on the pebble-strewn beach, lay the little yacht, Tarantula, henceforth to be called the Cecil.

The day was superb—the sun hot, the sky cloudless and intensely blue. Before the party lay the sea, calm as a mirror, while to the right of the glorious Downs were hundreds of large vessels; in the rear of them, and a little to the left, was Walmer Castle, made famous by the names of two famous men, Pitt and Chesapeake Ports, the "Iron Duke," Arthur of Wellington, and that most airy and genial of statesmen, Viscount Palmerston. On a little iron campstove itself in gone-shaved was a fragment of something white entangled in the anchor-cable of the City of Melbourne.

It was Cecil, whose light summer dress had caught in the stove.

In that instant, Ernest Ross was overboard, and swimming to the spot, amid the loud cheers of the crews of the surrounding vessels. But, oh, horror! As he seized the dress of the drowning girl the slight fabric gave way, and she sank!

A groan of sympathizing pity burst simultaneously from all the spectators of that harrowing scene.

But the next moment the still, deadly-white face rose to the surface. The beautiful, dark locks had become unbound in the struggle for life, and, grasping them firmly always the fatest way to rescue a drowning person—Major Ross at last succeeded in getting the insensible girl into one of the many boats which had come to his assistance.

Cecil was speedily conveyed into the cabin of the captain of the City of Melbourne, where, by the aid of blankets and hot brandy and water, consciousness was restored to her. Then it was that—at such supreme moments the mask is involuntarily dropped—the secret of the young girl's heart unconsciously betrayed itself in her first words.

"Oh, Louise, is he—is—is Major Ross safe?"

What cared the Major then for witnesses of the scene? Had a hundred been present, instead of their own party, the captain, and the ship's doctor, he would not for the universe have kept silence. All his assumed indifference vanished—the mask fell from his face, and in that moment of love and nature the words burst impulsively from his manly heart.

"Cecil, darling, I am here and safe, and life is nothing to me unless I may pass it with you at my side."

With a sigh of ineffable happiness and satisfaction, Cecil again sank unconsciously back upon her pillow, as Ernest Ross, sealing her cold white hand, covered it with kisses.

The doctor here interposed, and all but Louise Vane were peremptorily ordered to the cabin.

Word was sent to Mrs. Charteris of the accident to her nieces, who remained for the night—their aunt with them—on board the City of Melbourne.

The next morning Cecil was pronounced "out of danger."

"Happy is the wooing that's not long a doing," says the proverb.

And the old adage proved most applicable to the courtship of Ernest Ross and Cecil Vane. With all her butterfly attributes, Cecil was a true woman at heart. She learned to look up to and rely on the strong, tender, loving nature. She no longer coquetted with Ross.

And so a day came when the pretty, coquettish little head was nestling confidingly beneath a long, soft, silky brown beard, and Cecil's eyes were cast down, and Ross was the least possible quiver of her saucy lips, as she said, tearfully:

"Then you overheard my stupid, vainglorious boast to Louise, Ernest?"

"Yes, darling; and though I had admired you before, I determined from that hour to try and make you love me."

"Ah!" murmured Cecil; "you have succeeded only too well!"

"It was very conceited of me to think that I could do so, I know," said Major Ross; "but the temptation was so great."

And as he spoke, he raised the little head that lay on his breast, until the sparkling black eyes, now softened by love, looked trustfully into his own.

"Ah!" again said Cecil, "I was equally vain. It was half a dozen of one and six of the other, Ernest."

Well, dear one, let us admit that it was a drawn battle."

"Agreed."

A tender embrace sealed the compact, and Cecil, through all her happy days of wifehood and motherhood, never, for one day regretted the result of her wager.

SURRENDERED TO AN OWL.

The Terrors of the Picket Line at Night.

The following story is told by a correspondent of the Weldon N. C. News:

"One cold, drizzly night, when everything seemed potentious of some evil, and before the picket lines had been established, and after darkness had settled down, and after dark, the picked men were sent out between the picket lines to watch more closely the movements of the enemy and to prevent a surprise. The most impressive orders were given to all the pickets, and especially those occupying the outposts. As Deep Bottom, on the North Carolina regiment was on duty, and one of its picked men was sent to the front to occupy an important post in front of the picket line. The extreme darkness of the night and the dense fog which hung like a pall rendered his optics of little use to him on this occasion, and his auditory faculties were so double acute that it is said that when a man is deprived of one faculty others become more acute, and this case was not an exception to the rule. The only thing that could be distinguished by the keenest of the organ of hearing was the thumping of his heart, which he more than once mistook for the approach of many heavy-shod footsteps. He was in close quarters with the enemy could hear the Corporal whispering his orders to the men on the reserve, encouraging him, whether or not they were advancing upon him he could not tell; he rather thought they were, and was making up his mind to this conclusion, when, from a few feet above his head, burst out a terrible scream. The brave man's nerves gave way, he let fall his gun and clasped his hands over his head for protection, said something he don't recollect what—had rare rendered and was about to beg for quarter, thought a dozen Yankees were around him, but a second scream disclosed to him his mistake—he had surrendered to a screech-owl.

AMERICAN GIRLS ABROAD.

Why They Outdress and Outshine Their European Sisters.

I take it that there are as many pretty girls in England as in the United States. Then why is it that the eye is most attracted in watering-places by American rather than by English girls? The reason is that American girls know how to dress, and English girls are devoid of all notion of this most praiseworthy accomplishment. I am not speaking now of incomprehensibly dowdy girls, but of girls who really do make a special study to fulfill their duty toward the nation. These girls seem, however, to take it for granted that what suits one person does not necessarily suit everybody else. If a dark English girl sees a short, dumpy girl in a dress that sets off her charms to advantage, she appears never to think that a tall, stout copy of this dress will indulge in the pleasing delusion that she looks well in it. Thus it is that dumpy girls will appear in clothes befitting tall girls, and tall girls in those befitting dumpy girls; and the same faces have been made for full faces, and fat faces have hats made for long faces. And they will array themselves in colors that look well on the counter, and keeping in the shade that is well on blondes. Now, American girls rarely fall into these errors. The other day at Hastings, one standing near me, one of the few pretty American girl, who looked like a picture, so harmoniously did all the colors in which her dress was arranged melt, so perfectly did she seem to make one with her clothes. I could not help saying to myself, "How can a woman manage it?" I asked. "The rose of it all," she answered, "that we each study our own style. We never wear what we see in a picture or a dressmaker, but we shape it ourselves. We know what colors match, and we take care not to wear them. We know what suits us and what is not perfect. If we have too long a neck we reduce it by tying a piece of lace around it. If we have a short-necked face we don't wear a ruff. If we have long faces we don't wear a tall, pointed hat, but a low broad one. In the intensity of agony he felt—as we all do feel at such moments—how doubly, trebly dear is the loved one we seemed to have lost forever.

Then, we know where to put a bow, and we don't have too many of them. If our foreheads are low we don't wear our hair low, and if they are low we don't wear outlandish jewelry because we happen to have it. Indeed, we very seldom wear any jewelry at all

DICKENS IN CAMP.

BY BRET HARTE.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river mute below;
The clustered stars far beyond uplifting,
Their miseries of snow.

The canting camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy limbs of boughs that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A book drew forth,
And cards were dropped from hands to listen low unto the tale anew:
To hear the tale anew:

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the fire light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of Little Nell.

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was the youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from out the gloom between
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While Kit's quick sobs were lost with Nell, on Heaven
Intent, to pass away;

And so in mountain solitudes o'ertaken
As by some spell divine,
Their cares dropped from their hearts, the pentree glory
Threw off the Kentish hills.

Lost to vital camp, and wrested all its fire;
And he who wrought the spell?
Ah, knowing pine and saintly Kentish spire,
No tears for him, or Nell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Wound with the breath that thrills
The hearts that hearken still the pentree glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

WHAT DYING PEOPLE SEE

ARE THESE GLIMPSES DELUSIVE OR REAL?

Certain Overlooked Problems of Psychical Research Brightly Illumined. Light Learn Something—Recollections of Deathbed Scenes.

It is somewhat singular that the natural bearing of the psychical research series of mortality should not have suggested to some of the inquirers into so-called "spiritual" manifestations, that, before attempting to obtain communication with the dead through such poor methods as raps and alphabets, they might more properly, and with better hope of gaining a glimpse through the "cakes ajar," watch closely the dying, and study the psychological phenomena which accompany the act of dissolution. Thus, it might be possible to ascertain, by comparison of numerous instances, whether among them any phenomena are any which seem to indicate that the mind, soul, or self of the expiring person is not undergoing a process of extinction, but exhibiting such tokens as might be satisfactorily seen if entering upon a new phase of existence, and coming into possession of fresh faculties. It is at least conceivable that some such indications might be observed, were we to look for them, and that, in such case, under the rare conditions wherein they could at any time be afforded; and if this should prove to be the fact, it is needless to dilate on the infinite importance of even a single instance of confirmation of our hopes.

Of course, to record anything which could be so noticed as anything more, or as if it could constitute an argument for belief in a future life, would be foolish. But observation of even the great obscurity and the evanescent nature of all such phenomena. Our faith in immortality must be built on a different and deeper ground if it is to be of any value as a part of our religion, or of our philosophy of life and conduct. Each one, individually, already convinced that the quasi-universal creed of the human race is not quite a mockery, and "the soul can never die," we may not unreasonably turn to the solemn scene of dissolution, and note whether there does not sometimes occur, under one or two, perhaps, of its hundred forms, some incident which will point in the direction of the great fact, which we believe to be actually in process of realization? According to our own conviction, there is a unseen of time when the man whom we have known in his garb of flesh casts it aside actually so to speak, before our eyes, and "this mortal puts on immortality."

As in Shakespeare's beautiful sonnet, he is, to the close, watching from his first sunset, and trembling to lose sight of the world, and the position to be saved in. Whether darkness has enshrouded him, or whether

He opens with the hosts of Heaven cause,
And he! Conquest with his vain!
and he may have asked himself:
Who would have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or dreamed
While thou upon the mountains rested,
That to such countless orbs thou made'st so blind?

and I, this Light, had been only a deception and a veil.

We have walked in company with our brother, through the valley of humiliation, the "wilderness of this world," over its arid plane of toil, and through its sweet valleys of love and pleasure, and then to have left him with the awful Andes which have often loomed before us, as our journey's end, their summits against the sky, and beyond them the Undiscovered Land. Onward a little before in advance may decide our companion mounts the last acclivity, and we see him slowly approach the mountain's crown, while our hearts stop as step yet linger on the slopes below. Sometimes, ere he reach the ridge, he is overtaken by a cloud, and we see him no more; but again, sometimes, he remains in the full sunlight; and, though distant from us and from the reach of our vision, it is possible for us to watch his attitude and motions. Now we see him nearing the summit. A few steps more, and he will stand on it. Is the vision whatever there may be of the unknown world beyond—a howling wilderness or a great bridle of joy. Does he sink down, or does he burste on him—whatsoever it may be—does he seem to be overwhelmed? Does he appear to sink with despair? Do his arms drop in consternation, or does he lift them aloft with one glad gesture of welcome? Does he pass from farther slope and is lost to our sight forever?

It appears to me that we may, though with much diffidence, answer this question as regards some of our companions in life's journey: who have gone before us, and of whom the last glimpse has been one of strange, mysterious, but hopeful promise.

Let us inquire into the matter calmly, making due allowance, both for natural exaggeration of the excited friends, and for mistaken observances, and also for the probable pressure of cerebral disturbance and spectral illusion at the supreme moment of physical dissolution.

Of course it is quite probable that the natural law of death may be that the departed always sees little else of surrounding objects than the dip beneath a Lethean leap a Rubicon. It is likewise possible that the faculties of a disembodied spirit, whatever they may be at the time and use, like those of an infant, before they can be exercised, require a period of growth, or at least a possibility that consciousness is not always lost, but is continuous through the passage from the deathbed to the grave. That the pends rather than closes at the moment when the bonds of the flesh are broken, and the man enters his life beyond with his fleshly eyes, his visitor faculties symbolized by the beautiful old emblem of Psyche's exquisite butterfly quivering the shell of the chrysalis. In this latter case there is a certain prima facie presumption that some observation might be permitted to one so-nearly to obtain some brief glimpse, some glance, though but of lightning swiftness and unconsciously revealing partial and transcendent change.

In a majority of deaths the accompanying physical conditions hide from the spectators whatever psychological phenomena may be taking place. The sun of our poor human life usually sets behind an impenetrable cloud. Of all forms of death, the commonest seems to be the awful "apoa" with its unconscious gasps and stentorious breath. The dying person becomes dull, lower and lower, as if beneath the nature of an unfathomable sea; a word, a motion, a glance, rising up at longer and longer intervals, till the last slow and distant sigh terminate the woeful strife, and the victory of Death is complete. When this is the mode of dissolution, it is of course hopeless to look for any indication of the fate of his soul at its exodus; and that some holds good as regards death in extreme old age, or after exhausting disease, when the sufferer very literally "fails asleep." Again, there are deaths which are accompanied by great pain or delirium, or which are caused by sudden accidents, altogether hiding from our observation the mental condition of the patient. Only in a small residue of cases are healthy conditions are such as to cause neither interference by pain nor by accustomed of the process of calm and peaceful dissolution in the full light of mental clarity; and it is to those only we can look with any hope of fruitful observation. We ask whether, in such cases, there may not have been a series of occurrences having any significance, taken in connection with the solemn event where, with their eyes on the dying, or on the preliminator on the hilltop show by his looks and actions that he is aware of or speak to us that he beholds, from his "Peak in Darien," an ocean yet hidden from our view?

I should hardly venture to affirm positively that such is the case; but, after many inquiries on the subject, I am still more disinclined to assert the contrary. The truth seems to be that, in almost every family or circle, questions and the strict recollections of deathbed scenes, wherein, with slight memorience, appears one very significant incident, namely, that that of a look or gesture, at the moment of death, and when the power of speech was lost, or nearly lost, seemed to see some something or rather, to speak more exactly, to become conscious of something present (for actual sight is not all the question) of a very striking kind, which remained invisible to and unperceived by the assistants; and again this fact incident is repeated. It is described almost in the same words by persons who have never heard of similar occurrences, and who are unaware of their own experience to be unique, and have raised no theory upon it, but merely consider it to be "strange," "startling," "affecting," and nothing more. It is invariably explained that the dying person is "going quietly, when suddenly, in the very act of expiring, he looks up—sometimes starts up in bed—and gazes on vacancy with such an eagerness, with an expression of astonishment sometimes developing instantly into joy, and sometimes not, short as the brief sunshine of solemn wonder and awe. If the dying man were to see some utterly unexpected but instantly recognized vision, causing him a great surprise, or rapturous joy, his face could not better reveal the fact. The very instant this phenomenon occurs death is actually taking place, and the eyes glare even while they gaze at the unknown sight. The moment it ceases to leave the chest, it is obvious that the soul has already departed.

A few weeks' pursuit of such observations, chosen from a great number which have been communicated to the writer, will serve to show more exactly the point which it is desired should be established by a larger concurrence of testimony. The following are given in the words of a friend on whose accuracy every reliance may be placed:

"I have heard numberless instances of dying persons showing unmistakably by their gestures, and sometimes by their words, that they saw in the moment of dissolution what could not be seen by those around them. On three occasions facts of this nature came distinctly within my own knowledge and I still, therefore, limit myself to a detail of that which I can give on my own authority. Of the three occurrences were not so striking as many others known to me, which I believe to be equally true.

"I was watching one night by a man dying of consumption; his case was hopeless, but there was no appearance of the end being very near; he was in full possession of his senses, was talking with perfect coherence, and in the least drowsy. He had slept through the day, and was so wakeful that I had been conversing with him in an ordinary tone, and for some of the long hours. Suddenly, while we were thus talking quietly together, he became silent, and fixed his eyes on me in particular [probably the chair which was entirely vacant, even of furniture, at the moment] with a look of the greatest delight; changed the whole expression of his face, and after a moment of what seemed to be intense scrutiny, he said to me, pointing to the chair, 'Look, look! there is Jim.' Jim was a little son whom he had lost the year before, and whom I had known well; but the dying man's mind [living, according to him, for whom he had sent, and I concluded it was one of his friends, and that he had only thought he heard him arriving, as I answered:

"'No. John has not been able to come.'

"The man said, 'Oh, it is Jim,' and said 'I do not mean John. I know he is not here; it is my Jim, my little lame Jim; surely you remember Jim?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I remember dear little Jim, who died last year, quite well.'

"'Don't you see him, then? There he is,' said the man, pointing to the vacant place on which his eyes were fixed. I saw that no answer, he repeated almost fretfully, 'Don't you see him standing there?'

"I answered that I could not see him, though I felt perfectly convinced that something was visible to the sick man which I could not perceive. When I gave him this answer he seemed quite amazed and turned round to look at me with a glance of indignation. It was not genuine, I saw that a film seemed to pass over them, the light of intelligence died away, he was a gentle sigh and expired. He did not live five minutes from the time he first said, 'There is Jim,' although there had been no sign of any approach of death for some time previous moment.

"The second case was that of a boy about 11 years of age, dying also of decline. He was a refined, highly educated child, who thoughout his long dying state was never known to lose hope and longing to the unknown life to which he believed he was hastening. On a bright summer morning he had expressed that he felt he reached his last hour. He lost the power of speech, which from recent fits of his he was perfectly sensible, and made his wishes known to us by his intelligent looks. He was sitting propped up in bed, with the window open behind him, and I sat opposite to him. He looked earnestly at the bright sunshine playing on the trees outside his open window for some time. He had learned some hymns from his mother, and was facing the end of the room, where there was nothing whatever but a closed door, when all at once a heavenly radiance overspread his face changed to one of the most wondering rapture, which no words can describe, and which at that instant, while his lips parted with a smile of ecstacy; it was impossible to doubt that some glorious object was then in view, and from the movement of his eyes it was plain that it was not one but many objects on which he gazed. Then he turned to me, and with a sweet smile beckoned to be the vacant wall before him, and then turned forward with ever-increasing delight manifested in his whole aspect. His mother then asked him if what he was now seeing was not the beautiful inner realities of this world, to give her a token that it was so by pressing her hand. He at once took her hand and pressed it strongly, giving thereby an intelligent affirmative to her question, though unable to speak. As he did so a look of rapture came over his face, his eyes closed, and in a few minutes he was gone.

"The third case, which was that of my own brother, was very similar to this last. He was an elderly man, dying of a painful disease, but with whom I had been in daily intercourse for years. Although it was known to be incurable, he had been told that he might live some months, when suddenly one night the sun comes came on a dark January morning. It had been seen in the course of the night that he was sinking fast, and I could see that he had perfectly silent and motionless, apparently in a state of stupor; his eyes closed, and his breathing scarcely perceptible. As the early dawn of the Winter morning revealed the features more distinctly, but with the touch of life and intelligence seemed to have quite departed, those who watched him felt uncertain whether he was living or dead; but when they bent over him to ascertain the truth, he opened his eyes wide, and gazed eagerly upward with a look of unmistakable expression of wonder and joy that a thrill of awe passed through all who witnessed it. His whole face grew bright with a strange gladness, while the eloquent eyes seemed to literally gaze, as they lighted up and dilated with the rapture. He remained in this attitude of delightful surprise for some minutes, then in a moment the smiling fell, the head dropped forward, and with one long breath the spirit departed."

A different kind of occurrence was narrated by my friend, was that of a young girl known to me, who had passed through the miserable experience of a sinful life at Aldershot, and then had tried to drown herself in the river Avon, near Clifton. She was in some way saved from suicide, and placed for a time in a penitentiary, but her health was found to be hopelessly ruined, and she was sent to die in the quaint old work-house, of St. Peter's, at Bristol. For many months she laid in the infirmary, literally perishing piecemeal of disease, but exhibiting patience and sweetness of disposition quite wonderful to witness. She was only eighteen, poor young creature! when all her little round of error and pain had been run; and her innocent, pretty face might have been that of a child.

She never used any sort of cant (so common in such surroundings) to me, her refuge, but had apparently somehow got hold of a very living and real religion, which gave her comfort and support, and enabled her to meet the beautiful spirit with which she bore her frightful sufferings. On the wall opposite her bed hung a large picture of the Last Day, with Christ and Mary S——looking at it one day, said to me, 'That is what I was, and what I pretended to see, but I am being brought safe home now.' For a long time before her death her weakness was such that she was not even capable of lifting herself up in bed, or of supporting herself when lifted, and she, of course, could not turn herself in any position. Previous to her on the hilltop show by his looks and actions that he is aware of or speak to us that he beholds, from his "Peak in Darien," an ocean yet hidden from our view?

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A few weeks' pursuit of such observations, chosen from a great number which have been communicated to the writer, will serve to show more exactly the point which it is desired should be established by a larger concurrence of testimony. The following are given in the words of a friend on whose accuracy every reliance may be placed:

"I have heard numberless instances of dying persons showing unmistakably by their gestures, and sometimes by their words, that they saw in the moment of dissolution what could not be seen by those around them. On three occasions facts of this nature came distinctly within my own knowledge and I still, therefore, limit myself to a detail of that which I can give on my own authority. Of the three occurrences were not so striking as many others known to me, which I believe to be equally true.

"I was watching one night by a man dying of consumption; his case was hopeless, but there was no appearance of the end being very near; he was in full possession of his senses, was talking with perfect coherence, and in the least drowsy. He had slept through the day, and was so wakeful that I had been conversing with him in an ordinary tone, and for some of the long hours. Suddenly, while we were thus talking quietly together, he became silent, and fixed his eyes on me in particular [probably the chair which was entirely vacant, even of furniture, at the moment] with a look of the greatest delight; changed the whole expression of his face, and after a moment of what seemed to be intense scrutiny, he said to me, pointing to the chair, 'Look, look! there is Jim.' Jim was a little son whom he had lost the year before, and whom I had known well; but the dying man's mind [living, according to him, for whom he had sent, and I concluded it was one of his friends, and that he had only thought he heard him arriving, as I answered:

"'No. John has not been able to come.'

"The man said 'Oh, it is Jim,' and said 'I do not mean John. I know he is not here; it is my Jim, my little lame Jim; surely you remember Jim?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I remember dear little Jim, who died last year, quite well.'

"'Don't you see him, then? There he is,' said the man, pointing to the vacant place on which his eyes were fixed. I saw that no answer, he repeated almost fretfully, 'Don't you see him standing there?'

"I answered that I could not see him, though I felt perfectly convinced that something was visible to the sick man which I could not perceive. When I gave him this answer he seemed quite amazed and turned round to look at me with a glance of indignation. It was not genuine, I saw that a film seemed to pass over them, the light of intelligence died away, he was a gentle sigh and expired. He did not live five minutes from the time he first said, 'There is Jim,' although there had been no sign of any approach of death for some time previous moment.

"The second case was that of a boy about 11 years of age, dying also of decline. He was a refined, highly educated child, who throughout his long dying state was never known to lose hope and longing to the unknown life to which he believed he was hastening. On a bright summer morning he had expressed that he felt he reached his last hour. He lost the power of speech, which from recent fits of his he was perfectly sensible, and made his wishes known to us by his intelligent looks. He was sitting propped up in bed, with the window open behind him, and I sat opposite to him. He looked earnestly at the bright sunshine playing on the trees outside his open window for some time. He had learned some hymns from his mother, and was facing the end of the room, where there was nothing whatever but a closed door, when all at once a heavenly radiance overspread his face changed to one of the most wondering rapture, which no words can describe, and which at that instant, while his lips parted with a smile of ecstacy; it was impossible to doubt that some glorious object was then in view, and from the movement of his eyes it was plain that it was not one but many objects on which he gazed. Then he turned to me, and with a sweet smile beckoned to be the vacant wall before him, and then turned forward with ever-increasing delight manifested in his whole aspect. His mother then asked him if what he was now seeing was not the beautiful inner realities of this world, to give her a token that it was so by pressing her hand. He at once took her hand and pressed it strongly, giving thereby an intelligent affirmative to her question, though unable to speak. As he did so a look of rapture came over his face, his eyes closed, and in a few minutes he was gone.

"The third case, which was that of my own brother, was very similar to this last. He was an elderly man, dying of a painful disease, but with whom I had been in daily intercourse for years. Although it was known to be incurable, he had been told that he might live some months, when suddenly one night the sun comes came on a dark January morning. It had been seen in the course of the night that he was sinking fast, and I could see that he had perfectly silent and motionless, apparently in a state of stupor; his eyes closed, and his breathing scarcely perceptible. As the early dawn of the Winter morning revealed the features more distinctly, but with the touch of life and intelligence seemed to have quite departed, those who watched him felt uncertain whether he was living or dead; but when they bent over him to ascertain the truth, he opened his eyes wide, and gazed eagerly upward with a look of unmistakable expression of wonder and joy that a thrill of awe passed through all who witnessed it. His whole face grew bright with a strange gladness, while the eloquent eyes seemed to literally gaze, as they lighted up and dilated with the rapture. He remained in this attitude of delightful surprise for some minutes, then in a moment the smiling fell, the head dropped forward, and with one long breath the spirit departed."

A different kind of occurrence was narrated by my friend, was that of a young girl known to me, who had passed through the miserable experience of a sinful life at Aldershot, and then had tried to drown herself in the river Avon, near Clifton. She was in some way saved from suicide, and placed for a time in a penitentiary, but her health was found to be hopelessly ruined, and she was sent to die in the quaint old work-house, of St. Peter's, at Bristol. For many months she laid in the infirmary, literally perishing piecemeal of disease, but exhibiting patience and sweetness of disposition quite wonderful to witness. She was only eighteen, poor young creature! when

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ROMANCE ON THE OCEAN.

Sad Fate of a Woman Stowaway Joined on the Last Journey.

The Captain of an English ship, just arrived in port, relates a singular story which is worth adding to the already extensive budget of marine romance of the ocean. The names of captain and ship are not given, as sailors are proverbially superstitious about publicity, and there is a strong flavor of romance in the skipper's anxiety.

The official log contains this entry:

Aug. 18, latitude—, longitude—. James Cohen, a stowaway, fell from the fore-sail yard to the deck and was instantly killed.

Aug. 19, latitude—, longitude—. William Bean, an able seaman, while at the forward end of the ship being read over the body of Cohen, jumped from the forecastle rail and was immediately lost. Ship hove to at the time. A boat was lowered, but no trace of the man was found.

"That," said the Captain, "is an entry that gives the key to the yarn I'll spin you," as a half round cigar was lighted yesterday after noon, after the sounding mast.

I shipped from Liverpool. My mate was a tall, good looking young fellow, and did not appear to be much of a seafaring man by his appearance. He was a gentleman. I paid him no attention, and I took him. After he went forward among the men I did not notice him again until I was off the Irish coast, the mate came aft lugging along a little bit of a fellow with short curly hair and a round face, whom he said he found stowed away in the fore hatch. A lot of the men got around to hear what I was going to say about it.

"What do you intend made you hide away in my ship?" I said. He didn't answer a word, but appeared scared to death. Then Bean stepped out and said:

"I know that young man, Captain; he is an old chum of mine. He has come to get passage to California, and had no money."

"I swore some at them both, and then sent Colton aft to the cabin to do my washing and give him to work on a broom. He handled the broom pretty well, and took to polishing up the brass on the quarter deck and binnacle to be industrious that I took him out of the mate's watch and had him turned in somewhere in the cabin, sending the steward a hand, and so on. He had all night in and better grub than they got in the forecastle, and I took a liking to him myself some of it forward to Bean. Those two were a good deal together on Bean's watch, and Colton would generally be relieved at night to walk him. Then he got to like going aloft, and used to handle it; topsails as well as any ordinary seaman's hand. One day the male said to me, 'I heard those two men, Bean and Colton, talking together, and they are to have something queer about it. Bean was telling him that his mother and brothers would never forgive him for going to sea, and he hoped to get to San Francisco would be to write to some friends at home, but not let his people know where he was. That was serious and seemed to feel very bad. Then they saw me and shut up. Bean is a fine, manly boy Colton can run away from school or something of the sort.

"I told the mate to make work as light as he could for Bean, and when Bean brought me a cup of tea on the poop, I asked him if his friends knew that he had started for California.

"Oh, no,' he said, 'but I could not get along well at home, and I thought it best to go myself.'

"You know Bean well at home, didn't you,' I said.

"Yes, sir,' said he, and looked red and confused.

"I did he induce you to run away?"

"No, no, sir,' said he; 'but he told me he was coming in this ship.' That was all I said then, but I was aware of something queer. He was cleaning up my cabin, he got hold of the photograph of my wife, which as usual in Liverpool had undertaken to color and had made a botch of it.

"That, then, after a moment's hesitation, with a new start of delight, as if he had been joined by some one else, she went on. And some how I thought her beautiful 'you are!' After seeming to gaze at the two beloved forms for a few minutes, she fell back on her pillow and died.

Instances like these might, I believe, be al most indefinitely multiplied, and I have corrected to them, and the experience of survivors more generally communicated and recorded. Investigation of such phenomena, with a presupposition as why should we not thus catch a glimpse of the spiritual world through the half-open portals to which our dying friends are gazing? If the soul of man exists at all after the extinction of the body of the flesh, it is more than probable than that it should begin at the very instant when the veil of the flesh is dropping off to exercise some of the powers of perception which we must suppose it to possess (else were its whole after-life a blank), and to be become conscious of some things than those of which our dim senses can take cognizance? If he pass out calmly into the mysterious darkness, absurd hypothesis; its future companions may well be recognized at once, even as it goes forth to meet them. Is it altogether absurd to think it to be expected, that some of them should be ready waiting to welcome it on the threshold. If there not, it may be considered as probable not for any confident belief—that our anticipations will be verified; nay, that the actual reality of the next few days will be verified them? Yet it not be that the hour comes for each of us that we have more want to dread as one of parting and sorrow—

The last long farewell on the shore
Of this life of woe,
ere we "put off into the unknown dark," we may find that we are not left alone, but that the friends of earth to go straight to the embrace of those who have long been waiting for us to guide us over the flood, and lead us beyond the grave? May it not be that our very first dawning sense of that enfranchised existence will be to find ourselves clasped by the beloved ones whom we have mourned as lost, but who have been standing near, waiting impatiently for our reception? Is it a thing to be expected, that some of them should be ready waiting to welcome it on the threshold. If there not, it may be considered as probable not for any confident belief—that our anticipations will be verified; nay, that the actual reality of the next few days will be verified them? Yet it not be that the hour comes for each of us that we have more want to dread as one of parting and sorrow—

The last long farewell on the shore
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
1821 1921

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We trust our old friends, the postmasters, will greet themselves, and get up large clubs for the Saturday Evening Post. If they do we feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so.

We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers, the enlarged paper and the low price will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it out-shines all competition.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13, 1877

A NEW SERIAL NEXT WEEK.

Next week a new serial romance will be commenced in the columns of the Post. It is entitled

"DOT,"

and is from the pen of the well-known and popular author of "The Captain's Daughter," "Nora's Sacrifice" and "Seed Time and Harvest," and will be found full of interest from beginning to end.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

No man, perhaps, ever contributed as much to the gaiety and enjoyment of his special social circle as Theodore Edward Hook. Rivaling in broad fun and practical joking the famous Tom King of Taylor's "Monsieur Tonson," and like him engaged in many a wild midnight hoax and frolic, Hook possessed talents of no mean order, and a mind capable of much greater things than framing puns or meting out attractive jokes. A famed talker from early manhood, he was courted by many as a colloquial star of the first magnitude, and his popularity, added to his innate silliness, in all save literature, and the natural frivolity of his disposition, led him on from dissipation to dissipation until the close of his life. That life, though essentially gay and light and airy, cannot be set down as a thoroughly happy one, for a wild, careless career naturally brings on extravagance, the sure result of which is distressing pecuniary embarrassment. Hook's experience proved this. Besides, during the latter part of his time, a dark cloud hung over his reputation which has never been dispelled. As a writer, Hook was indefatigable, and if quantity were the test of merit, his place on the literary ladder would be very near the topmost round. But, unfortunately, with him quantity was not always equalled by quality, and his writings, though all pleasant and attractive, may be classed in the critical scale as good, bad and indifferent, with, perhaps, a preponderance of the latter.

Theodore Edward Hook was the son of an eminent English musical composer, and was born in London, September 22, 1788. He was early placed at Harrow School, afterwards made famous by Lord Byron, and left there at the age of sixteen, very imperfectly educated. After quitting school he aided his father in his vocation, and, if we may judge from his boyish abilities by the light of those of his more mature days, he must have been a very efficient helper. In 1805, he tried his hand at the composition of a comic opera and produced his maiden work, "The Soldier's Return," written entirely by himself. This opera was brought out on the stage, and was very successful. "Catch Him Who Can," an afterpiece, followed the next year. It was played by Liston and Matthews, and created a great run. "The Invisible Girl," "Music Mad," "Darkness Visible," "Trial by Jury," "The Fortress," "Tekeli," "Exchange no Robbery," and "Killing no Murder" all light operas, then flowed from his prolific pen in rapid succession. They evinced a wonderful knowledge of dramatic art, much skill in musical composition, and high literary ability on the part of their author. They were all well received, and some of them are yet performed.

In 1806, Hook published his first novel. It was eminently theatrical, abounding in pointed dialogue and striking situations, but was assailed by the critics of the time as a mere farce in the guise of a tale. Hook was well-fitted for a society novelist, so consummate was his knowledge of English life in its higher and middle spheres. The theatre, however, had been his school, and the defects of its teachings are everywhere visible in his romances. It taught him to consider effect as of the first consequence, and he, therefore, always made it a point to sacrifice even probability itself in order to produce it. The theatre, also, is responsible for Hook's ideas as to the arrangement of his scenes and his passion for violent contrasts. From his manner of putting them together, even his vivid pictures of his own time are made to wear an air of caricature. Hook possessed in perfection the strange power of improvisitating. He could at any time seat himself at a piano and, taking a prescribed air and subject, dash off, with ease and without the least premeditation, produced a comic, original song. He would frequently take the conversation of the company and rein it into a witty rhyme, and continue and explode with puns.

At showing up opera in a ridiculous mimicry he was particularly excellent. In his extemporizations he used all kinds of verse with facility, though in general he confined himself to the ballad style. Many incredulous persons declared Hook's astounding gift a humbug, but in all cases every doubt was soon dispelled.

In 1812, Hook was made Accomptant-General and Treasurer of the Colony of Mauritius. For five years he held this post, neglecting its duties and receiving a magnificent salary of £2,000 per year. The Home Government finally became dissatisfied with its wild official, and, suspecting that all was not right, ordered an examination into his accounts, which were found to be in the utmost confusion. Further search unearthed a deficiency of £12,000. Hook was then arrested and taken to England for trial. For five years this trial dragged along. It resulted in a verdict to the effect that Hook was liable for the amount of the deficit, whereupon the unhappy wit was sent to a debtor's prison. This was in 1825, and he remained in durance two years. Prior to his sentence he had worked assiduously with his pen, producing many very popular political songs, and editing John Bull, an aristocratic newspaper, which he filled with severe and libellous personalities, tinctured with much wit and broad humor. Even in jail he toiled manfully on, and in 1824 produced and published "Sayings and Doings," which at once became popular and netted him about £2,000. This was the first series of tales. In 1825, he put forth another instalment of "Sayings and Doings," and in 1828 a third was published. Meanwhile he had been set at liberty, though the Government still held him liable for the Mauritius affair.

Hook now went to work with redoubled zeal and energy, and wrote "Maxwell," "The Life of Sir David Baird," "The Parson's Daughter," "Love and Pride," "Gilbert Gurney," "Gurney Married," "Jack Brag," "Births, Deaths and Marriages," "Precept and Practice," "Fathers and Sons," and "Peregrine Bunce." "Gilbert Gurney" and "Gurney Married" were contributed to the New Monthly Magazine, of which Hook had become editor in 1836. "Peregrine Bunce" was his last avowed work, and it has been pretty generally asserted that he had assistance in composing it. Hook produced thirty eight works in sixteen years, and he was all the while acting editor, and almost sole contributor to a newspaper, and part of the time editor of a magazine. This sufficiently proves his indefatigability in letters, and establishes fully his claim to be considered an industrious man in his proper field.

Hook, as we have already stated, was dissipated and extravagant, and, although nearly always in receipt of a very large income, he was constantly involved in debt and surrounded with trouble. At last, exhausted as a colloquial star of the first magnitude, and his popularity, added to his innate silliness, in all save literature, and the natural frivolity of his disposition, led him on from dissipation to dissipation until the close of his life. That life, though essentially gay and light and airy, cannot be set down as a thoroughly happy one, for a wild, careless career naturally brings on extravagance, the sure result of which is distressing pecuniary embarrassment. Hook's experience proved this. Besides, during the latter part of his time, a dark cloud hung over his reputation which has never been dispelled. As a writer, Hook was indefatigable, and if quantity were the test of merit, his place on the literary ladder would be very near the topmost round. But, unfortunately, with him quantity was not always equalled by quality, and his writings, though all pleasant and attractive, may be classed in the critical scale as good, bad and indifferent, with, perhaps, a preponderance of the latter.

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OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

We hear a great deal about married literary men and their troubles, but few pause to think of the bachelors of literature. The said bachelors are, nevertheless, a numerous throng, and their respectability is still maintained against their numerous brethren of the Benedick order. Without going back to the days of Homer and Virgil, or dilating on the literary services of the Roman Catholic clergy, the mind recalls an illustrious company of celibates. There were Goldsmith, Gray, Thomson, Collins, Marlowe, Macaulay, Irving, Lamb, Pope, Otway, Cowper, Ben Jonson, Hume, Gibbon, and many another, among whom the misanthropic and cynical Swift must now be counted, the late Mr. Forster having demolished the theory of his marriage with Hester Johnson, his "Stella." Goldsmith's happy-go-lucky career may be contrasted with the home miseries of the bard of Avon; but it is questionable whether Gray, tumbling down his fire escape into a hogshead of water, carefully placed for his reception by jocose under-graduates, had a happier hearth than the less able, but more genial, Southey. But, Benedick or bachelor, it is the man that makes the fireside, and not the fireside the man.

Mars is fast receding into the distance, but the newly found moons of that planet still claim the attention of astronomers. Mr. Richard A. Proctor, after citing a score of predictions of the discovery of the Martian moons, from the time of Galileo, to whom Kepler said, "I pray for myself with the thought that you will discover two moons attending on Mars," down to Arbuthnot, nevertheless comes to the conclusion that the recent discovery of the Massilian affair is after all new. But only the most fortunate of astronomers are likely to see them, and only at brief periods at long intervals. Now that they are visible, there are not ten telescopes in the world which can show them. They will be lost to view after October, even in the Washington refractor, the largest yet mounted. They may be visible again during a few weeks in autumn, 1879; but after that it is probable that no telescope will show them until 1892. There was a bare possibility that in 1845 they might have been detected, had diligent search been made; but up to that date men had not opened their telescopic eyes sufficiently to see these tiny orbs.

Our relations with Mexico are getting to be decidedly mixed, and somebody will get hurt if both parties are not careful. Difficulties along the frontier increase instead of diminishing. The attempt of the United States to guard the line and protect the Texans has practically failed, and crossings and raids over the line into Mexican territory has led to trouble and excited bad blood, and been followed by new raids on Texan cattle herds. The Government has spent a long time in trying to establish treaty relations with the Mexican authorities, but the latter lack either the disposition or the ability to make such terms as the United States would accept. Under these circumstances, Congress should take the whole matter in hand as soon as possible after the end of the present session, and peremptorily inform Mexico that she can have peace or war, just which she chooses, but that she cannot have both at the same time. If the Mexican Government cannot protect the present boundary from its own marauders, it is about time for our Government to make a boundary that Mexico will see and respect.

How many sins are laid at the door of that consoler of man, tobacco. The latest charge against it comes from Great Britain, and is preferred in the most convincing manner. The fishermen living on the lonely island of Hitteren, off the coast of Norway, have had for a long time a tradition that in shoals near the island, over a century ago, a large ship was wrecked. Divers searched for the vessel last summer and easily found her. Since then portions of the cargo, including ninety-six cannon, twelve anchors and 200 pounds of lead have been recovered. The cannon bear the date of 1716. It has been discovered that the ill fated ship was a Russian man-of-war, and that while on a voyage from Cronstadt to Archangel in 1716 she was wrecked on another reef. Divers will care to maintain that the traditionary buried treasure of Captain Kidd may not yet be recovered some fine day?

American beer drinkers cannot hope to equal their European brethren. The statistics of the military prison at Oberhaus, in Bavaria, contain some curious information as to the capacity of the German soldier for the German beverage. One, an artilleryman, who was discharged for lung disease, said that twenty quarts did not exactly hurt him. A second, a mason by profession, said, "I never count up to more than ten or twelve quarts, but after that it goes quickly;" and a third was of the opinion that, if he could get it, he would drink twenty-eight quarts a day and not feel it. This is simply monstrous!

For some time past, the University of Wisconsin has been trying the experiment of co-education of the sexes, and a committee of the Legislature report an "unmistakable appearance of ill health" among the female students, who are as well provided for as the young men. The committee comes to the conclusion that the peculiar physiology of women will not permit them to study as closely as men. This result is contrary to experiments elsewhere from authority equally high.

HOME CULTURE.

XVII.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

RECEPTIONS, PARTIES, BALLS.

We are said to be given as a nation to copy the English, then why can we not copy their sensible methods as well as imitate them in customs that are suited to our mode of life.

An American gentleman of the old school, who, travelling in Europe, received a dinner invitation from Lord Thus, sent by post, felt inclined to resent such a liberty; but was appeased upon learning that it was the custom. [The mail is delivered hourly in London.] While not advocating the sending of dinner invitations, or the answers to them by post on account of the delay created here by so doing, the desirability of sending the answers to all other invitations by post is evident, where the invitation is sent out sufficiently long in advance. It is quite time that a better understanding should be arrived at concerning the requirements of true politeness than is to-day in force. To maintain that it is not the correct thing to answer invitations by post. Even those who cling to the established customs of the past, made for a period when society was not in a hurry, and engagements so frequent as now, must see how inconvenient it is for those who entertain often to receive the answers to invitations separately, such one specified that a servant shall leave his work to wait upon the note-bearer, while, if the postman delivers them upon his rounds, they arrive with the letters, and make no increase of labor for servants.

There is not the same objection to delivering invitations by private messengers that there is to sending the replies to those invitations in the same way; then why can it not be understood that it is correct to send their invitations by servants as writing to receive their answers by post, as well as those who send them by post?

Let those who give entertainments recall the constant ringing of the door bell with answers, from the time that the invitations were issued, up to the arrival of the guests; and they, we are sure, will be willing to join in the reform, if they possess that independence of character which is necessary to the carrying out of any such reformation.

We can see no valid objection to delivering invitations to a ball, headed "Society in Philadelphia." The writer asserted that Philadelphia is the most provincial city in the world. "Its population is not any other city of half its size even. I felt disposed to deny this statement then, as I seemed to catch an undeserved reflection of ignorance and narrow-mindedness upon the fair and beloved city of my birth, but now, after everything that is provincial in the extreme. Here must have dwelt that writer's forebears who, upon being remonstrated with by a neighbor for carrying his flour from the mill in Chestnut Hill on one end of the bag and stones in the other end, to keep the balance true, answered: "This way is most enough for me and my father had carried his flour this way, and mine grandfather before him; and I will do as mine father and mine grandfather did do." Silly as this appears, I received an invitation in a party or ball that was given by some of the "Society" people of late, and returned from their bridal tours, and upon the card of invitation I noticed, "Please answer by post." How ridiculous! was my first thought. This secures a prompt answer, lightens the labor of mine host's that is to be; servants, enables me to drop my reply in the post on my way to the club, and suits all concerned admirably but me. I am not partial at the end in question. I found an unusual degree of animation prevailing a sort of debating society, and the fact that I had received what I had hastily decided in my mind as one that would suit every one. "I am not going to be dictated to as to the way and time that my answer is to be sent. I shall send it as I please, and when I please. I'll have them to know that," said one. "What kind of hospitality is that," asked another, "which limits a man's stay from ten to one o'clock? Sounds if I was to be sent off when the clock strikes one, or as the old song is bed, 'I'll stay at home.'" "I don't keep two-penny-ha'penny people," said a fifth, "or a fifth clerk," said another, "and I do keep a valet. By Jove! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put a stamp on and send it. I'll ask for answers by post—I do not know much about such matters, but I do know that in London, Paris and Berlin they have the advantage of sending answers in that way so well that they don't wait if he might. Famos' master who had never been abroad, but who affected English style in everything, opened his eyes to the fact of the fallacy of the word 'you don't mean to say that the aristocracy send their replies to invitations by post?' 'Why, yes, I do,' 'Why, no,' was the answer. 'What do they keep their men-servants for?' was the next query. 'To keep them for use, and to have them around when they want them; not to be running from one end of London to another with answers to the myriad invitations they get in the season. Well-bred people in London are marvellously thoughtful for people every-where, and one of the first requirements of really good society is that all invitations received in the morning be answered in the afternoon. In my opinion they should be answered as soon as they are received. Three days grace are given by some persons, I am told, for all but dinner invitations; but what would you say to a man who, when you said to him, 'Will you go down to my box with me next week for a day's shooting?' should take three days to think about it, making no answer, and then meeting you, should say, 'I will go with you,' or 'I will not go with you next week.' Would you think him as well-bred a man as the one who answered you on the moment, saying, 'I will go with you next week with the greatest pleasure?' On the contrary, would you not think him decidedly uncivil? The same is true as to all parallel. No one answers a ball invitation as soon as it is received,' was the answer. 'I beg your pardon. Every man who lives in a whirl of engagements is obliged to answer his invitations at once. It is only those who are new and who get a straggling invitation who can take the risk of not answering promptly. They are the ones who are not sure but they have answered them, and are in no danger of forgetting. Business men, too, are generally very stupid in writing, and all these ought to be.' Here Jeames' master dwarfed out: 'The Queen says if there is no R. S. V. P. on an invitation, and you intend to go, you need not send any answer.' 'The Queen be——' finished the gentleman with the glasses. 'We've got no Queen, God be praised; ask your mother, and she will tell you, as I have already told you, that politeness requires you don't send R. S. V. P.'s to remind them of their duty. Some invitations are [illegible] intended to be answered without the R. S. V. P., it is true; but all others must be. What Queen are you talking about?' The old gentleman was pacified when he found the Queen" was a London social star not-to-be-named in these pages. Here the first speaker growled, "I don't care what the Queen says or what any one else says. I don't go by rules, and I shall answer my invitations as I please, and when I please; and I go no-where where I can't stay as long as I please. If people wish to entertain let them entertain as every one else does, as our forefathers did, who made their own customs to stay as long as they liked, and who would no more have dreamed of sending an answer by the postman than by the milkman."

In other words, thought I, "Mine fader's way is good enough for me. I will carry the basket of dinners as long as I live, and flour on the other, because mine fader did and my grandfader before him."

This is not a bad illustration of the sort of opposition that those who move in social reforms must expect to encounter. There are always bigoted and opinionated Dutchmen to be found in all communities. Not even New York can boast an absence of the provincial-ism in all her circles; and Boston, who would like to hold the sun of progress for the illumination of the world, shows herself in seclusion every often. In fact, we are provincial in most subjects of vital import. Let Americans copy the English in their sensible use of postal facilities, and avoid the late hours which are anything but sensible for a class of business men. It will never be fashionable in America to arrive early at balls, however, as long as fashion able people, and people who aspire to be fashionable, imagine that a late hour is the most select to arrive late. But if a few members of influence in our principal cities, whose affection for their children causes them to hold the welfare of the rising generation very near their hearts, would set down the early hour as the most select, their own convenience and the health of our men, whose mornings are devoted to business, and give invitations for those hours—say from nine to one o'clock—they would find that, if done discreetly at one, something more might be effected in the way of a reformation than has yet been accomplished. Failing to do so, they might be receiving calls from the fair ones with greater punctuality in the future. Another duty of the guests is that each one should do all in his or her power to contribute to the enjoyment of the evening. Some persons would not hesitate to refuse a hostess who requested her to permit him to introduce him to some lady, who might be either a stranger in the city or who might happen to be seated alone. And something in excuse for such a refusal must be said, for the reason that our young men have the false idea that it is rude to leave a young lady to whom they have talking until some one else has been joined her; and quite naturally they hesitate to expose themselves to the risk of being quartered upon an uncompanionable person for the entire evening. This is all wrong, and no matter how much an idea had its origin. In Europe it is not incumbent upon any young man to remain one moment longer than he desires with any lady. By considering the wishes of one another, when he feels so inclined, he gives opportunities to others to circulate as freely; and this custom, if introduced in our society would go a long way toward contributing to the enjoyment of all. Let those who think it incumbent upon them to stand by the side of a woman, like a sentinel on duty, until relieved, look at the European men and watch the men as they come and go. A few minutes here, a few minutes there, never hesitating to leave a lady with some companion of her own sex, whenever they desire. The moment that this idea is exploded, for better for society, for what can be more uncomfortable than for a young lady to feel that the man who is talking to her is hoping that each pause by the clock will relieve him from his duty, when there are among them she would prefer, and who would in turn gladly give a few passing moments could they but know that they would be free to do so? Let us change the conversation flagged, or that they desired to join another. It is, indeed, strange that such false ideas of politeness should prevail, as to cause a man to remain with a lady he detests, in order that he might avoid a fancied one to one of her guests. As long as they do, so long must those who entertain, find an excuse for such exercise of good manners, and every hostess who feels her responsibility, and who desires that all her guests should leave her house feeling repaid for the trouble and time they have given to her entertainment by her invitation, should appreciate this sensible foreign custom, and try and do her part in introducing it among our young men. A writer, in the London Times, on the subject of "Sensible Etiquette," touching on this subject, says: One more example as to the folly of adopting rules that were made for quite another form of society is found in the prevailing idea that it is rude for a young lady to leave a lady at a party or ball or reception with whom he is conversing, until some one comes up to relieve him. It would be interesting to know how this idea had its origin—an idea so conducive to the destruction of all pleasure in society; for, when a man has once found himself "cornered" (the phrase expressive of his unfortunate circumstances) for an hour or an evening with a girl or a woman who is not sympathetique or congenial, he is not going to run any unnecessary risks of a repetition of the penance; and therefore he often avoids many to whom he would like to talk for a few moments. In a society where it is not considered a rudeness to leave after a few moments' talk, one, to exchange some words with another, there is a constant interchange of civilities; and the men, being no longer in fear of this dreaded possibility, circulate through the room, going about with that charming freedom which is the soul to society, and insures the enjoyment of all. One cannot help wishing, after having marked the benefits of such freedom, that society would [illegible] adopt it in London here, and yet, the men would be powerless to do it without the co-operation of the women. "The Young Lady's Friend" suggests the mode by which a young girl can do her part in such a reform. The author says: "In experienced young girls keep a gentleman talking to them longer than he wishes, because they do not give him an opportunity to leave. They are perhaps standing apart from the rest of the company, and he cannot leave her without her remaining quite alone. If conversation drags, a gentleman may see that no question wishes to leave you, facilitate his departure by changing your position, or speaking to some lady near you, or by asking him to take you to some friend or partner. Any excuse for possessing savoir faire would instantly regard the request, unless he preferred remaining. Most ladies who entertain give both dancing and social parties, and have, in addition, large suites of apartments that they have often on the continent, in Europe, those who wish to avoid a crush must limit the number of their guests. In the European city given by the owner of a palace who had thrown open nine rooms on one floor for the accommodation of less than two hundred guests, an English-man remarked that with such grand rooms in London, five hundred people at least would have been invited. Another gentleman standing by added "Yes, and five hundred more to pack the stair-cases." The remarks were called forth by the host having said that his wife and himself were always so much afraid of having a crowd, that they had upon this occasion invited too few, not having made allowance for so large a proportion of those who had accepted, being kept away by illness, or the death of relations; adding that he had received thirty such regrets upon the last day, from persons who had previously accepted. At the same time, the custom of removing the furniture from American drawing-rooms when large balls are given, was commented upon. "Why, where do the dowagers sit?" "Dowagers are not invited," was the answer. "Are young ladies in America permitted to go to balls without chaperons?" asked a matron. An American lady endeavored to explain that in some circles they were, but in others it was always considered necessary to provide a chaperon when the mother was not able to accompany her daughter; and that owing to the fact that our rooms are not so numerous, nor so large as in European palaces, the custom had of late years been adopted in some cities, of consigning ladies to the care of young married women who danced, in order that the room assigned for dancing might only be occupied by dancers; and the custom was advocated on the ground that if the dowagers filled the seats in a ball-room no places were left for those who danced the cotillion to sit down to rest. Significant glances were exchanged between the matrons, but the American lady maintained her ground, and inwardly congratulated herself on the humanity of her country-women, as her eyes rested upon the numerous couples standing during the cotillion, the young girls every now and then looking wistfully back to the seats that they were debarred from taking, because of the presence of those same dowagers. One of the matrons present narrated a story of Washington society that had come under her own notice which had a tendency to destroy the complacency of the American lady. A gentleman whom she knew, the Marquis de ——, went to America to pass a few months in travelling, and while in Washington delivered a letter of introduction to one of the most prominent ladies in society there. The lady, after inviting him and her daughters to him, said: "There is to be a large ball this evening at Mr. E——'s. If you would like to go I will procure an invitation for you and one of my daughters will accompany you." The gentleman expressed his thanks and accepted. The lady then asked him to choose which daughter he would prefer, and he made his choice. As he was on the eve of leaving the young lady designated the hour, saying, "You will come with the carriage, and the bouquet, punctually." (This was the first intimation that he had received concerning the bouquet.) Again he assented, and took his departure. He went to the ball, received various introductions, had a charming time, and returned home with his fair charge between two and three o'clock in the morning. Upon arriving he was invited by the young lady to enter the house with her and get a cup of tea. Accepting the proffered hospitality, he went in, expecting to find matters ready to serve, but found that it did not make her appearance; and after an hour's pleasant chat he took his departure. The lady who had the story, added, "I asked the Marquis how he could have the face to go to a ball in such confidence in him, when he was both a foreigner and a stranger." He replied, "She knew perfectly well that her daughter was able to take care of herself, as all American girls seem to be; and if I had been such a scoundrel as to abuse her confidence, I would have known that a father or brother would have put a bullet through my brains." After this long digression, it is time to return to the duties of a hostess, which are far from ended when she has received her guests; although many of them may ignore their duties from first to last. The first duty of a hostess, after having seen that her rooms are well ventilated, well lighted and made sure that the cloak rooms for the ladies and gentlemen are in proper order, and supplied with all their usual requisites is to receive her guests cordially and gracefully. In a description of a private ball given here by a newspaper reporter it was stated that the lady "received her guests majestically." Empresses and Queens receive graciously those who are presented to them, but among their subjects none of the highest rank receive their guests with that courtesy which a truly well-bred woman never fails to show to all her guests. If compulsive circumstances have accepted an invitation, the hostess should endeavor to make them feel that they are not strangers. New acquaintances should be welcomed with as pleasant greetings as old friends. It should be her object to make every one so happy that no one will wish that he had remained at home. It may be suggested that the instincts of a lady would lead her to do this without any instructions from books, but some women have a cold or haughty air, which, though sometimes assumed at first to conceal their mauvais honte, soon becomes so habitual to them that they are not even cognizant of it themselves.

While the hostess is receiving, no person should remain beside her, excepting those members of the family who are there with her, or such friends as she has designated to assist her.

It is too much to expect of a hostess that she will be able to sustain conversation with you, and have a few words for each entering guest at the same time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

The wife of the Arctic explorer, Captain Tyson, is Washington milliner.

United States Consul at Bailey, who has been granted a vacation, will shortly leave Hong Kong for this country.

Albert Rhodes has retired from the editorship of the Washington Nation, his continued ill-health compelling him to engage in less laborious literary work.

Mr. Henry Watterson is about to diversify the drudgeries of journalism by lecturing upon the "Humorists of America," and Hamilton Aide upon "Society in Love."

Mr. Charles Fechter is said to be an excellent farmer, reaping every year very good crops on his Pennsylvania estate. He cultivates about a hundred acres, employing much machinery.

The trustees of the Australian Museum have presented to the Rev. Samuel Lockwood, county superintendent of education of Hawkesbury South county, N. S. W., a variety of natural works upon the natural history of Australia.

Thiers and MacMahon were decorated, in '30, by King Leopold, of Belgium, at the same time. Thiers for services rendered on the occasion of the taking of Anvers, and MacMahon for brilliant conduct during the siege.

The (London) Academy, in announcing Mr. Bayard Taylor's forthcoming work on German literature, says: "We have not in England at all comparable to Mr. Taylor in German, and especially in Goethe and Goethe literature."

It is rumored that Amadeo, ex-King of Spain, feels so severely the loss of his wife, a gentle and lovely lady that he has resolved to take holy orders and enter a cloister. In that case he will be the first written to this effect to the Pope.

Prince Lucien Louis Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, Mr. William Cullen Bryant, Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Bayard Taylor have recently been elected honorary member of the literary academy of Athens, which is under the special patronage of the Queen of Greece.

It is said that Raphael Semmes, when dying, for a short time imagined that he stood upon the deck of a ship preparing for battle. He gave quick and positive commands, talked apparently with officers, and seemed elated with anticipation of victory.

A Swedish Mondy, a young man of twenty-four, E. A. Rudquist, by name, has been conducting a series of most successful revival meetings in Minneapolis. He is said to be a speaker much like Moody, simple, earnest and eloquent, of fine personal appearance, and a gifted singer as well.

The New Missouri Senator, Mr. Armstrong, came from humble parentage, was educated in a log schoolmate, on foot, with only twenty-five cents in his pocket. He worked on the school farm five hours a day for his board, and was a manly, kindly fellow with great athletic abilities.

It is stated that the pensioned widows of the Emperor William, of Germany, are most strongly enlisted in the war, and that he has emphatically expressed the opinion that the Christians of Europe and America must be withdrawn from the dominion of the Turk.

NEWS NOTES.

There were three new cases of yellow fever at Port Royal on Tuesday, but no deaths.

Gen. Butler is said to be suffering severely from a malarial attack caused by the defective drainage of Baltimore.

Thousands of people attended the obsequies of the late Archbishop Bayley, in the Cathedral at Baltimore, on Tuesday.

The attempt to introduce the new Bahama cotton plant in Egypt, which exists I great expectations, is considered a failure.

The General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of North America, began its session in Philadelphia, on October 18.

Among the passengers by the steamer Bothnia, which arrived at New York October 9, was Gov. and Mrs. T. A. Hendricks.

Kelly, the Secretary of the Rockland Savings Bank, at Nyack, N. Y., has been indicted for embezzlement, and held in $10,000 bail.

The Secretary of the Treasury will make no recommendations to Congress for appropriations or deficiencies at the extra session of Congress.

Mr. Foster, the assistant treasurer of the Grand Trunk Railway, Canada, has absconded. The amount of his defalcation is not yet known.

During the three months ending September 30, the receipts at the Treasury from customs, as against $9,396 for the same period last year.

After a severe engagement, and being kept under fire three days, the hostile camp of Nez Perces under Chief Joseph surrendered on October 5.

A special despatch from Berlin says the Russian police have discovered a fresh Nihilist plot. Numerous arrests have been made at Moscow and Kief.

M. Gambetta is now possessed of a splendid flag, his election as President of the Twentieth Arrondissement on the streets of Paris, now for its publication.

Meininger, the ex-Premier of Saxony, is now in New York. He is a young man, short and slight in stature, of dark complexion, and jet-black hair and eyes.

A National Convention of Humane Societies was held in Cleveland on Tuesday for the purpose of forming a national association to protect animals in transit from the West to the East.

The latest dispatches indicate that the Democrats have carried Ohio by from 30,000 to 35,000 majority. The total vote was light, although there was fine weather throughout the State.

Affairs in the Madras (India) Presidency are improving. If the present harvest becomes good, the famine will end in March next, and the last end of that period relief will be necessary.

Quartermaster General Meigs states that expenditures of the army in the year 1776 cost the Washington, and a large part of the roof of the General Post Office, are liable to conflagration.

Charles Bradlaugh, the atheistic member of the London Telegraph, attacked the Lord Chancellor of the Crown for not giving a copy of the indictment to the jury in the Penge starvation case when it was asked.

The second trial of Patrick O'Donnell, for complicity in the murder of Morgan Powell, in 1871, commenced in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. On the former trial O'Donnell was convicted of murder in the first degree.

The fourteen tobacco manufacturers indicted at Greensboro', N. C., for violation of the revenue laws, pleaded guilty on Friday of last week. Their sentence was suspended until the next term of the court, bail being required in the meantime.

Warrants have been issued in San Francisco for the arrest of Joseph C. Duncan, manager of the defunct Pioneer Bank, and Benjamin F. Lowrey, secretary of the Pioneer Deposit Company, who are held without over-issues of the companies' stock.

Monday night the men guarding the office of the Knoxville, Tenn., Iron Company, at Coal Creek, were surprised by forty or fifty disguised persons, who presented themselves, overcame the guards and deliberately set fire to the office, burning it to the ground.

At the Woman Suffrage Convention in Boston, on Tuesday, a long series of resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted, declaring the financial condition of the country, favoring an equal distribution of wealth, and censuring the action of the Treasury, etc.

In the Episcopal General Convention, at Boston on Tuesday, a resolution for the erection of West Virginia into a diocese was offered and carried unanimously. At the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, on Tuesday evening, Bishop Hall and Lee spoke strongly against Romanism.

The Nord Deutsche Algemeine Zeitung's Athens correspondent says that the Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs, has informed the British Minister that Greece was obliged to regard the threatening language of Turkey as a menace, and is pushing her military preparations as rapidly as possible.

There were three new cases of yellow fever at Port Royal on Tuesday, and two deaths. The people are nearly out of food, and are anxiously awaiting the arrival of provisions and supplies in response to their last appeal for help. Subscriptions are being raised in Philadelphia and other cities.

Returns from the Iowa election of Tuesday come in slowly, but indicate without any doubt a majority for the Republicans at 35,000, with a majority on joint ballot approximating sixty-five. The returns indicate the defeat of the Democratic State ticket by about 30,000 over the Democratic ticket.

A large number of persons in Reading, Pa., have been tattooed on the arm by a tramp. Dr. F. Hoffman, of Reading, has been called to remove and pronounces the cases incurable, and of an aggravated form. The poisonous salive mixed with the blood and tissue has affected the whole system.

Since the beginning of the present year Great Britain has imported £32,000,000 worth of wheat, against £18,000,000 worth last year. "Curious enough," says the London Times, "increased supplies but yet cheaper corn. In 1868 the harvest which sent us nearly 4,000,000 cwt. less this year than last."

The Press newspaper, of Philadelphia, has been sold by Hon. John W. Forney, proprietor, for $150,000 to Capt. W. W. Nevin, and a cousin by the name of Pittsburg. The latter is the proprietor of the Pittsburg Leader, and he will dispose of that paper to take charge of his new venture in Philadelphia.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens called at the White House on Tuesday, and in consideration of his infirmities the President will not make a majority of at least twenty. The Left, however, still have control of the Senate by two seats.

The Russians have commenced their parallels before Plevna, under the superintendence of Gen. Todleben, and the Turkish position is to be attacked by the Russians on the 23d and 24th of September.

The storm of Monday night, though less violent than that of Thursday of last week was severe along the coast generally of New England, and on the lakes. Considerable damage was done to shipping on the coast, and a schooner was run into and sunk by another vessel in the mouth of Gloucester, Mass. The Sound steamer Bristol was delayed several hours. Two barges were wrecked in Lexington Cove, and in one of them five persons were lost.

Lord Lovat has let his Glenstrathfarrar *deer forest* for £2,000 to Mr. Winans, formerly of Baltimore. Finding the estate in the hands of a certain, Mr. Winans organized a gang of some fifty keepers, and, with the deer driven through a narrow gorge, where he placed a battery of guns and hedges in a wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of old and young, male and female, in a few days. There has been nothing approaching it, says the New York World, since the days when Alfred the Great hanged up a stag with a chain on his head and a rod for his rifle, and posted his game as it was brought slowly but surely within his line of sight and fire.

DRIFTING AWAY.

I stood on the wharves at sunset,
As the tide was ebbing away;
The waves were burdened with refuse,
And the wharves with boys at play.

They were ragged, unkempt, and vagrant,
The dregs of the human tide,
Which the currents of life at random
Had cast to my shrinking side.

But their hideous mirth and laughter!
On my ears unheeded fell,
As I watched the long lines of sea-drift
That wearily rose and fell.

Words, oats, and little and rubbish,
Sticks, straws, and broken glass,
Formed the mass that eddied and shifted,
And lingered along the wharves.

Till the force of the strong tide seized it,
And carried it fast and far
Out over the wide, dark waters,
Towards the harbor bar.

And in fancy I heard uplifted
The spirited, wild-sea tune,
That soon would scatter those fragments
To be heard of well seen no more.

As I turned away from the waters,
The vagrant boys at their play,
With their shouts and their scorn and laughter,
Had likewise drifted away.

Not a trace of their former presence
Had they left on the lonely pier,
Any more than the vanished sea-drift
Had left on the waters near.

But, troubled and hoarse, through the darkness,
There pressed, yet came to my ears,
The murmurous roar of the city
Like the voice of the deep that sees.

And I felt that those waifs of existence
Had been hurried afar from shore,
Drawn out in the tide of the human sea-drift,
To be heard of and seen no more.

FALSE TO HIMSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY," "HER OWN FAULT," "KATHERINE'S MISTAKE," "HOW NELLIE LOST HER CHANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

Kate finds the Hayes very much smartened in appearance when she arrives there in the course of the following week. There are new gardens laid out, new servants in place of the old ones, new mirrors and gilding and velvet furniture in the old rooms. Kate thinks all these things detract from the dreamy, old-fashioned picturesque look of the place, and spoil it, to her mind. She finds Mrs. Haydon wrapped in shawls, lying on the drawing-room sofa close to a great wood fire, though it is a glorious afternoon in May, with sunshine bathing all the spring grass borders, and lying warm and golden on the springing grass.

Mrs. Haydon is glad to see her, selfishly glad, perhaps, but still very sincerely so. But Kate is shocked by the change in her appearance. Her own sorrow never changed her in this past year had changed Ida Haydon. Her face has grown pinched, hectic spots burn on her cheekbones, the peevish line between her eyebrows has deepened. Her mind is not affected. All her beautiful curls are carelessly and unlikily drawn back into a net—they make her too hot, she says, hanging about her neck. Kate sits beside her on the sofa, listens to her shrill, complaining voice, and speaks to her quietly and calmly, and in a few minutes Mrs. Haydon tells her she has done her good already.

"There's something about you that calms me down. I don't know what it is," Mrs. Haydon says, holding Kate's cold hand in her own burning one, and looking wistfully into her steadfast face. "You seem so strong, as if you were above all these pains and aches and petty grievances."

Kate smiles a very peculiar smile.

"It is because I have myself suffered, I suppose," she answers quietly, "and conquered. But you must tell me what to do for you, and you must not fret yourself about trifles. You don't look well."

"I am not well," Mrs. Haydon allows peevishly, "but I am not as bad as the doctor would have them all think. I shall be all right again in the Summer. But I've had a great deal to worry me. I'm called extravagant, and all that, but I brought money to the Hays, and I don't see why I shouldn't spend it. There it is, on the mantelpiece. You can take it down and look at it."

Kate takes down the pretty photograph in its ivory frame. Mrs. Haydon watches her curiously while she examines it.

"What a queer dress you wear, Kate! And yet it is not unbecoming to your severe, simple style. You would make a pretty photograph just as you stand this moment. Did Blondel come to you at the hospital?"

"Yes," Kate answers, replacing the photograph on the mantelpiece.

"How did you think him looking?"

"Rather care-worn, I fancied, but then I had not seen him for a year."

"He says he is worried to death, but I don't believe him. If he is, it isn't my fault. I can't do more than I am doing, and I won't give up the things I've been used to all my life. If he goes on this way much longer, I shall go back to papa."

Kate looks very grave.

"How horrified you look!" Mrs. Haydon laughs. "But I am quite in earnest. Blondel had to go to Paris out of the way of some creditors, I imagine, but I couldn't pay his debts. I owe a lot of money myself to Madame Lucilie, and ever so many others."

Kate looks more than grave at this, and she feels a great pity for her cousin. For the first time she begins to realize that his marriage has been a mistake. Before this his wife could not can enter into his feelings, she can guess what it is to him to live in this way. How degrading, how fatal to every idea of pride, or honesty, or self-respect. How terrible it must be to bleed any more for itself bleeds for Blondel now, for what he is, and for what he might have been.

"He is greatly changed in more ways than you think," his wife goes on, drawing her shawls more closely round her. "Ring the bell, Kate, and we'll have tea. Mr. Haydon never gets up till dinner-time now as a rule, at seven. I must take some drives in my pony-carriage—such a love! The doctor keeps me in the house too much, I shall rebel now you are here. I wonder if Blondel will come so up a little. My sister, Mrs. Vivian, was staying with me in March, when my poor little baby was born, but she was obliged to go away—her children are always ailing—something."

"So you told me," Kate answers rather absently.

"I was sorry when the poor little thing died," Mrs. Haydon goes on, in the same complaining tone—"not for its own sake, for I never cared for babies, but I thought it might make Blondel kinder to me. But it lived only an hour. We must go and look at its little grave some day—they tell me it is covered with white hyacinths. I got them planted there, and a lovely little white marble cross—put up. But I've never been able to go to look at the spot yet."

"It was a boy, was it not?" Kate asks, feeling a deeper interest in Blondel's son than in the little garden grave.

"Yes, and that made it worse. Old Mr. Haydon and Blondel were both anxious it should be a boy. It was christened William Carrington. I believe the doctor christened it, because he knew it would not live. I shall show you all its pretty little robes and berceaunette, and the clock my sister sent me for it, White, and lined with white quilted silk, and a hood to match. Will you pour out tea for me, Kate? I'm not much good for anything to-day, but I shall be better now you're here. The very sight of your face revives me—I don't know why. I feel as if nothing could come near me to hurt me, if you took me under your wing!"—and Mrs. Haydon laughs in her old childish way.

Kate pours out tea, and the pretty Sevres cups, and, while Mrs. Haydon chatters on unceasingly, now describing her dresses, now arranging future expeditions, she looks out of the great plate-glass window opposite, and sees the sunshine lying on the velvet grass outside, and the beds of lily of the valley and hyacinths, and can hear the young rooks cawing in the tall trees behind the house, and her thoughts fly away back to sunny days at Coombe.

Again she is sitting in the old orchard, with her boy at her feet looking up into her face with his dark-brown eyes. Again they are dreaming together of a life solely spent—spent, not for earth only, but for Heaven. She smiles now at her own philosophy and their perfect faith in it, and yet she holds to most of her old tenets still. Does Blondel remember those golden hours? Remember them he surely must, though not as people count remembering; still one cannot forget such things as though they had never been.

Mrs. Haydon is really glad to have Kate with her, and at first her presence seems to do her actual good. But very soon this effect fades away again, and she relapses into a chronic state of feverish weakness and languor and want of appetite. Old Mr. Haydon is also a great invalid, and is getting worse every day. He suffers from a kind of creeping paralysis, and is obliged to have an attendant of his own, wheels him out in a Bath-chair every day, and eats up his meat for him at dinner, like a child.

Mrs. Haydon still dresses for dinner, still wears square-cut bodies and open sleeves, though she has grown painfully thin and is troubled with a hideous cough. They do not see many visitors, for she is unequal to the exertion of entertaining them, but there is not the less state kept up at the Hays on that account. Their dinners are excellent, the attendance is unexceptionable; everything about the place is kept up as well as if the owner were solvent, which is unfortunately not the case. Old Mr. Haydon is getting rather weak in the intellect, as well as physically, and he complains almost as much as his daughter-in-law about one thing or another. But he is quite willing that they should keep up appearances, quite as obstinately determined that there shall be no reduction in the style of living at the Haye. Better to leave the place at once than to "knock under" in that way, he thinks; and Mrs. Blondel agrees with him perfectly.

They seldom hear from Blondel, and the shortness and coldness of his letters is another grievance to his wife. He seems to be quite as attached to him as ever, in her own unreasoning way, though she will not put anything to please him. Perhaps, if he had had more patience with her and shown less bitterness, he might have won her round to be of his opinion. Kate cannot help thinking that he has not taken the best way to persuade her, seeing how very peculiar she is, and he persisted into a thing by one whom she loves. She does not take into consideration that Blondel's feelings towards his wife now may be such as to render it impossible to influence him. But it grieves her to hear Ida complain of her husband's carelessness, and to see her crying sometimes over his short, cold letters. Kate is not the kind of person to feel any pleasure in this result of her cousin's faithfulness to herself. Her love for him is too unselfish for her to be glad that he should suffer, as she said to him once, she thinks too much of him to think of herself.

For a month she remains at the Hays, till the trees are all in full flush of Summer green and the roses have come in. Kate has never before seen such roses and she glories in them. Mrs. Haydon does not get up to breakfast—she is much weaker and less equal to any exertion now than she was even when Kate first came to her—and Kate spends the cool morning hours in the garden, as she has always loved to do. She is fond of the old place, perhaps because it is, or will be, Blondel's. She likes to wander through the shrubberies and the small gardens whenever she can leave her patient—for such Mrs. Haydon is now. Even she herself cannot disguise the fact any longer, and her pretty green dress hangs loosely about her room, though she still goes down-stairs occasionally, and wears pretty semi-invalid toilettes, and persuades herself that she will be quite well again before the Autumn.

Kate cannot stay longer than the month to which her attendance upon any one invalid is limited, and this is a great grief to Mrs. Haydon. She has become fearfully ill when June comes in and Kate speaks of going back to London. She also begins to complain more bitterly of her husbands neglect in leaving her for so long, and writes to tell him how unwell she is, and how Kate cannot leave her, and urging him to come back to the Haye.

"He went away in a rage," she tells Kate, when she is sealing up this letter, "and told me, in so many words, made that the sole aim and sending everything to rack and ruin in my extravagance. It was horrid of him to say so when all the money is mine, and so I told him. And then he flung himself out of the room and out of the house, and I had a good cry. It was cruel of him to turn upon me like that, wasn't it, when I had only told him I must have the lawn-tennis ground made that the men are at work on now, and a new roof put on the greenhouse? He never said anything so cross to me before, though he has often spoken to me of extravagance. But that he should round on me quite furiously, and told me I might do as I liked, but that he could stand it no longer, and, as I preferred my own way to pleasing him, I ought to come home—I declare I quite frightened me—he is generally so quiet. But I answered him back—I wouldn't let him think I cared—and so he went. But I wish he would come down now, and not talk any more about being ruined."

Kate listens to her, and, looking at the hectic cheeks and transparent hands, thinks Blondel ought to come home. She sees, with her clear eye, exactly how matters stand between the two; though the heart of one she cannot read. She wishes that they were at peace, that each would give up resentment and complaint and learn to bear with the other. But she is powerless to bring about this end; she can only pray for them, and try to instil some patience and wisdom and forbearance into the wife's sore heart.

The morning of the day on which Kate is to return to London is a fair one, so fair that she cannot resist the temptation of another stroll among her favorite standard-roses. Under her feet is the sun-bathed turf sprinkled thick with daisies, over her head is the faint blue sky without a cloud. All about her are flowers, beds of verbena and heliotrope; the air is heavy with fragrance.

Like a sun in her sombre trailing black dress, with no covering on her head, she walks between the standards—now pausing to look at a cream-colored Gloire de Dijon surrounded by long, pale buds, now admiring a damask blossom glowing like a living ruby among its green leaves, then again standing before a Provence rose with every petal so pure as snow, or wistfully wondering whether, after all, the pink rose sheathed in golden-green mow is not the loveliest of all. So gazing and so wondering, she suddenly hears a step behind her on the soft turf, and, turning, finds herself face to face with Blondel Haydon.

He takes her hand quietly, and, holding it for a moment, looks at her in silence. And so the two once lovers stand together for the first time since they were such, face to face, and alone.

"Ida looks wretched, poor child," are Blondel's first words, spoken in a strange constrained tone.

"She does," Kate answers gravely. "I am glad you have come home."

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"She does," Kate answers gravely. "I am glad you have come home."

He looks at her quick

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But some rain must fall,
There's never a life so happy
But has its trials withal;
To the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
But has weeds therein,
There's never a heart so hardened
But has some tender spot,
Where only to press the border
Will cause the tears to gush out.

There's never a one so pleasant
But has some fault or blot,
There's never a path so even
That leads not the print of feet
Where some have slipped and fallen
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But sets before 'twill end at night,
We think that gloom in the morning
Is a dreary life just to spend,
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a cross that's heavy
But has a willing maker to nail
There's never a dream of sorrow
But has its fulfilment veiled,
We shall look some day with wonder
At the tears we have shed,
There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight,
There's never a gate to persist in
To the little "wicket gate,"
And the one that we enter through
To a rest that is desirable.

There's never a heart so hardened
But it has some soft spot left,
There's never a heart so wounded
That love cannot reach and heal,
There's never a lonely forehead
That's bearing the crown of thorns
But
There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears,
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears,
Yet the clouds clear up the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

Playing for Love.

A STORY.

They tell me that nowadays, when a vessel arrives at Melbourne, the pilot comes off to her outside the harbor. If so, I congratulate the Australian colony of Victoria upon, at all events one very decided improvement upon the somewhat excessive arrangements adopted by the juvenile colony of Port Phillip some time ago. When I arrived there in the year 1851, in the good ship Anonymous, the fashion was for the pilot to wait till the danger was passed, and then come quietly on board from the land. Our entrance was on the way up to the mouth of the Yarra Yarra, with playful chaff upon the narrowness of your escape from laying your bones upon it: I'm sure there should be no such thing; my mate who may not yet have made a "personally-conducted" to Australia, and may thus miss the chance of this exquisite practical joke, I may mention that the harbor of Melbourne is a little sea, of I forget how many hundred square miles in extent, with just one exceedingly narrow entrance. It is, in fact, something like a very huge bottle with a very tiny neck or, to be more elegant, like a miniature Mediterranean with a proportionate Cut of Gibraltar.

Now this is all very well with the Melbourne-ians, which is an easy going, classical old race, ready enough to rise upon adequate occasion, but far too lazy for the unexciting exertion of a daily tide. But Port Phillip is in its juvenile stage—that stage when it is a physical necessity to be always doing something. It'll be early the truly diabolical occupation of going to and fro and walking up and down. So Port Phillip, of course, indulges in a tide, and as this tide has no other means of getting in and out of the big bottle except through the little bottle-neck, you may readily obtain, by the simple means of filling a bottle with water and turning it upon its head, a very fair idea of the manner in which it conducts itself on the passage. To make things better, about half the channel is barred by a submerged reef.

I will do the third mate of the Anonymous the justice to say that he was not aware of the ingenious regulation above referred to, by which it was ordained that a vessel should in all cases run the gauntlet of this pleasant passage before presuming to demand the services of a pilot. Indeed there was no particular reason why the third mate should have known anything about it. It was only his second voyage at sea, and the first had been to Calcutta and back. You will say perhaps that, under those circumstances, there was no particular reason why the charge of the good ship Anonymous should have been left to the third mate. And perhaps there was not. Only with the second mate deserted at Port Cooper, the mate with his skull split fairly open twice before the mast, and the bosun in irons for a black, and the skipper what a Spaniard has imposed Yankee on board called "supping drunk" in his cabin, it was not so easy to say on whom else that duty should devolve. And on the whole, perhaps, the mate was as good without the slightest knowledge of his whereabouts except such as might be gleaned from a chart, carefully looked up in some unknown drawer in the cabin, as any other. So I protected for the best in not attempting to run his ship's nose into such a very outwitting looking gap as Port Phillip Heads without assistance.

He was very much obliged to me for thinking so freely as he did, when, instead of sending on shore the lighthouse people replied by signal-ing in their turn with equal emphasis, not to say, in the effect that they should have got over our difficulties to as delicate a point as could be given. But I no longer doubt, both that the lighthouse people were without explanation to such a course, and that a large majority both of crew and passengers joined very heartily in the performance. Meanwhile, the good ship Anonymous, like a fool, was making very slowly towards her doom. There was a downright breeze blowing straight into the harbor, and as luck would have it, a strength tide still setting directly in. So we drifted across the bar we felt the influence of the latter more strongly and hung, like Mahomet's coffin, between wind and tide. Only that with Mahomet's coffin, wind and tide, as I am informed by them, appear to be fixed quantities, whereas in our case the tide, as we afterwards discovered, would slacken and turn in about another hour, and then—

At length, just as the "then" was getting painfully luminous, a small boat was seen struggling towards us from the land. Previously the wind had but comparatively little effect on the boat, while the full force of the tide swept her towards us, or the one man who rowed and the one boy who steered her would have had but a desultory chance. As it was, they were swept alongside three yards full of water, and sank from under their feet, as they scrambled out of her into our inner-chains.

What the — began our irate young acting commander, more savage at the delay than grateful for the help that had come at last. But the man cut him short.

"Can you take us in stays?" he asked briskly and imperatively, altogether disregarding not only the mate's angry greeting but the chorus of objurgation from the forty or fifty passengers around.

"No," he replied sullenly, "if——— d slow."

The man struck his hand impatiently upon his thigh, and a look came into his face, before which the chorus of objurgation suddenly died into silence. The stranger gave one quick glance aloft, another to leeward, where the boiling surge seemed to thunder over the reef that lay under our lee bow, then spoke again distinctly and hotly.

"Then you're a——— stupid," he said, "and I'll be d——d if I don't have a hand every bit as good as you on board."

And he did go it too. The man worked as they never worked before, and have but rarely seen others work since. Every passenger, too, lent a hand at some easily recognized brace or sheet. The main-yards swung round. The ship gathered way, paid off, cushed for a few seconds headforemost towards the reef, came slowly up on the other tack, and then jammed hard upon the wind, with every stitch set under which she could stagger, labored, with straining rigging and bending masts, to fight her way back to the entrance, just which she had drifted in her ignorance half an hour ago.

For ten minutes or so the excitement of that race for life was as intense as any of which I have as yet had experience. They say we touched the corner of the reef, and then ran down at the wheel were settled that they felt the rudder bump as she swept by. I know the spray from the breakers fell in clouds upon the deck, when, just as the two topsailmast masts went, and there was a lull in the wind, and the pressure of a stronger puff than usual, the face of the stranger expanded into a smile, and opening his close-shut lips, he sang out briskly At the moment:

"Up helm! Round in your weather-braces. Square away. Mr. What's-you-name, and never mind the wreck."

And so the danger was passed, and with a ringing cheer we dashed gaily into the smooth water of the inner bay.

The breeze still held, and in very few more hours we were at our anchorage. Half an hour more, and the anchor was down; the sails, what were left of them, had been furled and stowed somehow, and the ship's company had been mustered, and the ship's guard for the orders of the unlucky young third mate, who, it must be confessed, took very good-humoredly the plentiful cloud which rewarded his well-meant, but perfectly futile attempts at enforcing discipline and "working up." Equally futile were the remonstrances of the passengers, who soon discovered that the ship's boats would only accommodate the ship's crew, and that, in its turn, was replaced by a heterogeneous collection of old sails, roof-posts, bolt-ropes, and all, just as they had been cut away from the yards—and with wood and there an irregular spearing, hastily slit with a knife, to let out the smoke and fool air. Apparently, even this material had ran rather short after a time, for the roof, which at the end of the building had been quite eighteen feet in height, made a sudden dip about twenty feet back, and from thence continued its dow ward course till, at the far end, it was not more than five feet high. I don't think any of us, at first as though there were likely to be a "row."

Our friendly pilot, however—he was not a pilot at all, by the way, but the master of a small coasting schooner, doing a fair trade in those golden days between Melbourne and Twofold Bay—pointed out to us that, even if we conquered our pilot, only one batch of us could be landed in the boats, and that only on Liardet's Beach, which, if we waited quietly for the steamer which was sure to be alongside soon, a sovereign or so apiece would take us all right up to the town. So we gave the crew a parting cheer, which was returned by an equally hearty compliment in return, and awaited the steamer with what philosophy we might. In another hour she was alongside, and we too departed, leaving the captain in peaceful possession of his ship, from which his snoring now resounded in uninterrupted melody. By and by, no doubt, he also awoke, realized, perhaps, with a little diffidence the condition of affairs, and hailing the steamer in his turn, was, "as in duty bound, the last to leave his ship." I can't speak from personal knowledge, and he may have jumped, or tumbled overboard for all I know; but I am sure that when, at the cost of a ten-pound note, we got a boat next day to go off from Liardet's Beach for our effects, we found the dead object mate "in solemn state."

You may suppose that the interval between our passage of the famous bar, and the little discussion that followed touching the movements of the crew, had not passed without some comment on our part of the gratitude due to our rescuers. Two meetings had been held—one in the cuddy, one in the steerage, and a nice little purse of some fifty sovereigns had been made up for the pilot-boat men. I was one of the two, with a complimentary speech on the quarter-deck. For himself, however, he had declined it.

"Thank you kindly, gentlemen," he said, "all the same. I'm making money pretty fast, and shall get a good price for this job out of the agents. So, if you'll allow me, I'll just hand it over to the lad. I couldn't have got off without him."

The boy colored crimson through the tan which browned his honest, open face, and his blue eyes sparkled with delight.

"Thanking you kindly, gentlemen, I'm sure," and he took off his cap and ruffled up his crisp, brown curls in a desperate attempt at stimulating adequate utterance. "I'm thankful to you, gentlemen, and—and you too, sir, I'm sure, and—and I ain't nowise good at talking, gentlemen—but—I do thank you heartily."

And the young fellow turned away, it rather seemed to me as though he dashed a brown hand across the bright blue eyes, a little conspicuously.

"What shall you do with it all, my lad?" I asked presently, as we were leaning side by side over the taffrail waiting for the steamer.

The lad colored again, and the honest blue eyes lighted up.

"Send it to my sister, sir," he answered. The old man's in trouble just now with taxes and one thing and another, and I've fixed up five-and-twenty pounds already. There's a mail goes out to-morrow, and—there one is, sir—there comes the steamer. I wonder if there'll be a letter in town from Su."

My nightcap is not at all the sort of cognomen as regards accumulation, but royalty enough in respect of cost, at the Prince of Wales, and young Harry Godwin had left me to go up to the post office in search of a possible letter, promising to look up to the vessel day before going on board again, and tell me all the news. For Master Harry had interested me, and I really wanted to know how "the old man" was getting on after the wreck. The subject was in any way heightening of that future union between pretty Su, working hard to keep a roof over his head in the little Kentish village, and the honest sailor lad, Harry Dick Golding, toiling away night and day up to his waist in water at Webber's River, forty miles beyond Ballarat.

Meanwhile, it is romantic, but more practical and pressing consideration, was dinner; and that discussed, I strolled out for a moonlight look at Canvas town. Everybody was there, and very sympathetic for finding my way generally, but for finding it, in the case of any new or unexplored locality, straight to what will be for me the most interesting spot in it, the bar, I must confess that my recommending instinct conducted me direct to the establishment of Mr. Hermann Rauch.

Such an architectural point of view. Mr. Herman Rauch's establishment could hardly, perhaps, be considered a success. The building, which was about fifty feet long by twenty wide, stood endways to the street, if street it could be called, which, at that was none, but only an irregular cleave, of varying width and uncertain direction, between two groups of tents and shanties. Its original design had certainly been that of a Roman house, with planked walls, glazed windows, and asphalted roof. And, so far as concerned a considerable portion of the principal front, this design had been carried into execution. The door stood, of course, in the centre, with a window, or a place for one, on either side. Of those windows, the one on the side nearest the town was complete—all but the glass—the wall through which it was pierced being also fairly finished in stout deal planks, all but a space of some four feet by square in the top corner, which had been roughly filled in, for lack of boards, with some half-dozen gaily-painted tentrags. On the other side of the door the planking ceased a little more than half-way up to the window, the corresponding portion of the façade being eked out with a huge tarpaulin. To a fanciful mind—a little, perhaps, under the influence of its surroundings—the house had a kind of look about it, as though it had been fighting, and of having come off with a gigantic black eye.

However, the framework of that portion of the building was perfect enough, and for at least a couple of yards back the roof also possessed a fair semblance of the original design, and was duly covered with asphalted felt, neatly nailed down. Then suddenly, the felt also gave place to tarpaulin; which again, in its turn, was replaced by a heterogeneous collection of old sails, roof-posts, bolt-ropes, and all, just as they had been cut away from the yards—and with wood and there an irregular spearing, hastily slit with a knife, to let out the smoke and foul air. Apparently, even this material had ran rather short after a time, for the roof, which at the end of the building had been quite eighteen feet in height, made a sudden dip about twenty feet back, and from thence continued its dow ward course till, at the far end, it was not more than five feet high. I don't think any of us, at first as though there were likely to be a "row."

Our friendly pilot, however—he was not a pilot at all, by the way, but the master of a small coasting schooner, doing a fair trade in those golden days between Melbourne and Twofold Bay—pointed out to us that, even if we conquered our pilot, only one batch of us could be landed in the boats, and that only on Liardet's Beach, which, if we waited quietly for the steamer which was sure to be alongside soon, a sovereign or so apiece would take us all right up to the town. So we gave the crew a parting cheer, which was returned by an equally hearty compliment in return, and awaited the steamer with what philosophy we might. In another hour she was alongside, and we too departed, leaving the captain in peaceful possession of his ship, from which his snoring now resounded in uninterrupted melody. By and by, no doubt, he also awoke, realized, perhaps, with a little diffidence the condition of affairs, and hailing the steamer in his turn, was, "as in duty bound, the last to leave his ship." I can't speak from personal knowledge, and he may have jumped, or tumbled overboard for all I know; but I am sure that when, at the cost of a ten-pound note, we got a boat next day to go off from Liardet's Beach for our effects, we found the dead object mate "in solemn state."

You may suppose that the interval between our passage of the famous bar, and the little discussion that followed touching the movements of the crew, had not passed without some comment on our part of the gratitude due to our rescuers. Two meetings had been held—one in the cuddy, one in the steerage, and a nice little purse of some fifty sovereigns had been made up for the pilot-boat men. I was one of the two, with a complimentary speech on the quarter-deck. For himself, however, he had declined it.

"Thank you kindly, gentlemen," he said, "all the same. I'm making money pretty fast, and shall get a good price for this job out of the agents. So, if you'll allow me, I'll just hand it over to the lad. I couldn't have got off without him."

The boy colored crimson through the tan which browned his honest, open face, and his blue eyes sparkled with delight.

"Thanking you kindly, gentlemen, I'm sure," and he took off his cap and ruffled up his crisp, brown curls in a desperate attempt at stimulating adequate utterance. "I'm thankful to you, gentlemen, and—and you too, sir, I'm sure, and—and I ain't nowise good at talking, gentlemen—but—I do thank you heartily."

And the young fellow turned away, it rather seemed to me as though he dashed a brown hand across the bright blue eyes, a little conspicuously.

"What shall you do with it all, my lad?" I asked presently, as we were leaning side by side over the taffrail waiting for the steamer.

The lad colored again, and the honest blue eyes lighted up.

"Send it to my sister, sir," he answered. "The old man's in trouble just now with taxes and one thing and another, and I've fixed up five-and-twenty pounds already. There's a mail goes out to-morrow, and—there one is, sir—there comes the steamer. I wonder if there'll be a letter in town from Su."

My nightcap is not at all the sort of cognomen as regards accumulation, but royalty enough in respect of cost, at the Prince of Wales, and young Harry Godwin had left me to go up to the post office in search of a possible letter, promising to look up to the vessel day before going on board again, and tell me all the news. For Master Harry had interested me, and I really wanted to know how "the old man" was getting on after the wreck. The subject was in any way heightening of that future union between pretty Su, working hard to keep a roof over his head in the little Kentish village, and the honest sailor lad, Harry Dick Golding, toiling away night and day up to his waist in water at Webber's River, forty miles beyond Ballarat.

Meanwhile, it is romantic, but more practical and pressing consideration, was dinner; and that discussed, I strolled out for a moonlight look at Canvas town. Everybody was there, and very sympathetic for finding my way generally, but for finding it, in the case of any new or unexplored locality, straight to what will be for me the most interesting spot in it, the bar, I must confess that my recommending instinct conducted me direct to the establishment of Mr. Hermann Rauch.

Such an architectural point of view. Mr. Herman Rauch's establishment could hardly, perhaps, be considered a success. The building, which was about fifty feet long by twenty wide, stood endways to the street, if street it could be called, which, at that was none, but only an irregular cleave, of varying width and uncertain direction, between two groups of tents and shanties. Its original design had certainly been that of a Roman house, with plan

PHILIP.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

Will turned back, and, after a short walk, they reached "The Elms," and found Mr. Elliott in the library.

"Terrible! terrible!" he exclaimed, as he examined the great blue welt that disfigured Philip's face. "A man who would strike a boy such a blow as that, whatever the provocation, would not hesitate to do him a greater injury. I would not encourage you in wrongdoing, my dear boy, but I really think I would be right to place a long distance between you and Bunting. He is a dangerous man, and you are not safe under his roof."

With a woman's tenderness, Mr. Elliott dressed the wounds and calmed the boy's excited feelings.

"By gracious!" exclaimed Will, as he struck his fist upon the table, "how I wish I was able to give that man a good thrashing! He richly deserves it, too! How horrible it is that he makes such a brute of himself!"

"Two wrongs never make a right, Will," replied his father, laughing. "I hope we will be able to help Philip in a better way than that."

"Mother and Lucy will miss me sadly, I am afraid," Philip said, with tears standing in his eyes. "There is no one to help them when I am gone. Poor mother! Although her troubles are heavy, she bears them all in silence. I have never told either mother or Lucy half the hardships I have endured. Why should I have added to their sorrows, when they could not relieve me? Mother frets more about the mortgage you hold than anything else, feeling they shall ultimately lose their home. She thinks father will never be able to pay it now."

"Mortgage against the mill!" repeated Mr. Elliott. "Do they not know that it is already paid? It is now more than a month ago that the miller came over here with a pocket full of money, and paid off both interest and principal. Right glad was your father to get rid of such a man of his habits to get hold of!"

Seeing Philip's look of amazement, Mr. Elliott continued: "I was somewhat astonished myself at the time. It may be all right, although it looks strange, for he was never able to pay his interest before."

"Don't you think I had better go back and tell them?" asked Philip, eagerly. "Mother would rejoice so much. Yes, I am sure you think I ought to go back."

No," said Mr. Elliott, I would not advise you to do that, even to give the mother the satisfaction of knowing what has been done. You are away now, and had better think o' your own affairs, for I am certain Bunting will search the country over for you when he finds you are away."

The day was now drawing to a close. After supper was over, and lights brought in, the subject of Philip's difficulties was again resumed.

"I think it would be wise," Mr. Elliott said, "that you, Philip, should get away from this neighborhood in the first early morning train. I have a friend living in W——city, far to the West, who, being under obligations to me, will be glad of an opportunity to do me a service. I will therefore send you to him for the present, until we see what change takes place here, and you will, in the meantime, find a pleasant home in his family. Now, good night to you both. Recollect, you must rise with the lark in the morning, to breakfast and be off to the cars in time."

The boys occupied the same bed that night, and Will's head had hardly touched the pillow ere he was in a sound slumber. But Philip was not so fortunate. The excitement he had labored under all day, and the desire to escape from his hard life at all hazards, had occupied his mind to the exclusion of all other subjects. Now, in the silence of the night, other thoughts introduced themselves upon him. Thoughts of a desolate life in a strange city, without the mother-love of Mrs. Bunting, or the sympathising affection of Lucy. Where would he find friends like Mr. Elliott and Will? There would be none to care for him in the far-off place to which he was going. Shut up as he had been in his secluded country home, he was a novice in the ways of the world, and stood terrified on the threshold of his new life. Must he go away without seeing Lucy again? Had his eyes dwelt on his old home for the last time? No! He must see Lucy once more. He could not leave her without a word of kindness and God speed from her lips.

He arose from his bed and dressed himself in haste, then, waking Will, he told him what he was going to do, refusing Will's offer to accompany him. He quietly left the house, and ran across the fields, until the mill and dwelling were once more before him. How beautiful it all looked in the moonlight, and tears came into his eyes as he thought of the happy hours of his early childhood, but as he glanced over at the wood, and thought of his last bitter experience there, a thrill of horror passed through him. Hastening along, he stole to Lucy's window, and, with some pebbles thrown against it, succeeded in awakening her beautiful slumber into which she had fallen, after tossing for hours on a sleepless pillow.

"Oh! Philip," she whispered, as she looked down upon him, "why did you come here? Don't stay a moment. Father is sleeping now, and it would be terrible if he should awake."

"But I am going away, Lucy; Oh! so far away, and I may never see you again!"

"Hush, Philip, hush! Not another word. I am coming to you." And the lad heard a sob in the whispering voice.

Hastily throwing on a wrapper, Lucy came down stairs and let herself out at a door where Philip was standing.

"You do not mean it, brother," she said, as they walked from the house to the shade of the trees, over which a grape vine crept, forming a dense shade with its broad leaves; "you surely cannot leave us, if only for our mother's sake."

"Alas! Lucy, there is nothing to keep me for me to do. Mother and you will be happier when I am gone, for father will not have me to irritate him. Try, dear sister, to think the best of me you can when I am away, for, with all my faults, I shall always love you dearly. Tell mother to depend on me yet, and that I shall never cease to think of her. Lucy, darling, God bless you and good-bye."

Philip ceased, for Lucy, trembling with emotion, with both arms thrown around him, was sobbing on his shoulder. He kissed her lips, her cheeks, her forehead; then with a long, last embrace, he tore himself away. Lucy watched him until his form faded from sight, and with a long-drawn sigh returned to her chamber.

The next morning found Philip up with the dawn, dressed ready for his departure.

His dreary forebodings had all vanished with the darkness, and, with a light heart and a cheerful countenance, he seated himself in the carriage, beside Will and his father, to be driven to the depot. On their way, Mr. Elliott told him that his mother and sister, in case of misfortune overtaking them, should find a friend in him, and having this assurance the boy was satisfied. With letters in his pocket for Lawyer Hopkins, he was then on the way to his destination before the miller had awakened from his drunken slumber.

The house at the mill was dreary enough that morning, when Mr. Bunting came down to his breakfast. Lucy, although she could scarcely keep the tears from her eyes, forced a smile to her lips as she poured out his coffee, of which he partook but sparingly, while his toast and eggs remained untasted before him. He maintained a moody silence for a few moments, then walked away in the direction of the field.

As soon as he discovered the absence of Philip, he came back in a towering passion.

"So," said he, as he encountered Mrs. Bunting, for Lucy had fled at his approach, "that young rascal has stayed all his wicked work by running away at last. But I'll have him back again, as sure as my name's Hector Bunting! The thankless young dog! Woman!" he cried, in a loud voice, as he seized his wife by the shoulder, "where has he gone? You know, of course! God knows what you'll do next! Where has he gone, I say?"

"No," replied the gentle wife, although he still held her in his rough grasp. "I do not know where he is. I have not seen him since yesterday."

"And you did not know he was going away? Dare you say that?"

"No, I did not."

"Call Lucy."

"Where is that impudent scoundrel gone?" he retorted out, as soon as she entered the room.

"Philip is not a scoundrel, father," retorted Lucy. "He is my brother, and I love him dearly. He is a good, honest, faithful boy. I don't know where he is, and if I did I would not tell you, for I am glad he has gone away."

Lucy left the room, closing the door violently behind her as she went.

The miller looked after her in astonishment for a moment, with a smile playing about his mouth. He seemed to take her behavior as a joke, for this was the first time that Lucy had rebelled; but his smile soon vanished, and he turned to his wife with renewed anger.

"Is it thus you teach your child disobedience?" he cried. "I'll let you know, madam, who's master in this house! It has been through your teaching that the wretched boy got such high notions in his head. If we come to ruin through him, you may know whom to blame for it. God knows, I tried hard enough to keep him down; and I must have him back again, if it costs me my life!"

Mr. Bunting seized his hat; then he went to the closet, and, looking down from a shelf a decanter of brandy, poured out a brimming wine-glass of the liquor and drank it off. Then, hurrying from the house, he mounted a horse that was standing saddled for him, and galloped away swiftly down the road.

"Hallo!" cried the foreman at the mill, to one of the hands, as he looked after the miller. "Bunting is off after the boy. If he catches him and brings him home he shall not alone him again, as he did yesterday, if a pair of hands I know of can do anything to prevent it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE STOLEN SPOONS.

Mrs. Harriman was in the dining-room arranging a basket of beautiful flowers in a bed of soft, green moss. Roses, heliotrope, great flaming scarlet geraniums, and plenty of smilax in long, graceful wreaths—how dainty and delicate it looked, and it was to go to the Whitson festival.

Nan and Harry were on the piazza steps cutting the first strawberries of the season,—ten cents, mamma had counted them out in a saucer, and given them a little sugar and cream to eat upon them, to keep them quiet until she could get her basket filled, for she had many interruptions in her work, and it was nearly time the children were dressed. Grandpapa had brought two little baskets of berries up from the city for a treat,—"Southern berries, of course," he said, "but better than nothing;" and Nan and Harry were going off into little exclamations of delight, making many and deliberate pauses over each mouthful, and comparing sensations, when they looked across the lawn and saw their dearest friend, Flossie Shephard, coming up the road bearing a big basket—Flossie was to go to the festival, too; probably she was bringing her flowers for Mrs. Harriman to arrange, and down went both spoons and out rushed the children, leaving the berries and dashing down the path like little lunatics. There was so much to tell Flossie! They had been out in to two whole days, and O dear! the things that were happening all the time!

Very soon they came back, chatting and laughing, all three of them. Flossie had the loveliest flowers, and would Mrs. Harriman arrange them? and—O how funny—here was a boy, a barefooted boy, and pray what did he want? The children stopped, after the fashion of children, to find out. A little brown-faced urchin, barefooted and very ragged, was standing irresolutely by the piazza steps. He didn't care for flowers, nor for the festival; all he wanted was something to eat.

"Go around to the kitchen-door and ask the cook," said Nan; and then the children ran in to display the floral treasures to Mrs. Harriman, and ask her if she would be so good, and if she wasn't so very tired, would she please just make up one more basket and two bouquets. Finally they subsided into quiet, dropping into chairs and watching Mrs. Harriman complete her pretty work, until Nan suddenly remembered her strawberries. How could she have forgot!

"Flossie, I don't believe you have had a single strawberry yet, have you?" she inquired.

"No, dear," answered Flossie, with her chin on her hand, and her eyes fastened upon her exquisite basket.

"I left two or three in my saucer, and if you won't mind eating what I've left, I'd like to give them to you. I want you to taste them; it's only a taste, but they're so good!"

She flashed out on the piazza, and picked up the saucer; but where were the spoons? She thought she might have thrown them on the lower step, but no—they were not there. She called Harry, and then mamma, too, came out to look; but though they hunted everywhere, around the steps and in the grass, and together with the three or four strawberries, nothing but the remnants of cream and sugar were left in the two saucers. It was the most perplexing thing to tell them Nan began to cry. Her spoon was so bright and pretty, and it was her very own; papa had given it to her for a birthday present only about six months before. What should she do?

Suddenly the ragged boy made his appearance, coming around the graveled path from the kitchen, with a good sized piece of bread and butter in each hand. He was evidently very hungry, for he was swallowing the food as if he could not eat it fast enough. Nan felt sure her spoon was safe in his pocket. It wasn't so much matter that Harry's—his was old; but her new spoon! And she flew down the steps after the boy.

"What made you steal my spoon?" she began without a moment's hesitation, laying a detaining hand upon his ragged sleeve. "You are a very wicked boy. Give it back to me this minute!"

"Hain't got no spoon," said the beggar, looking at her with round-eyed wonder. "The woman, she give me nice bread; but hain't seen no spoon."

"O mamma, do come here!" cried Nan. "Don't let him go; he's got my pretty spoon that papa gave me—the bad, wicked boy! Make him give it up—do come and make him give it up! Why, do you mean to speaking at him with sudden solemnity—"that my papa could put you in jail for doing such a thing?"

Mrs. Harriman came out, and the cook, hearing the noise, hastened her; and soon the whole family were gathered about the boy, who stared from one to the other, and whimpered that he "didn't know nothing about a spoon."

Mrs. Harriman talked to him bravely, and the cook and grandpapa searched him most thoroughly, turning his worn pockets inside out, and promising to do nothing with him if he would only give back Nan's spoon; but to no avail. It was not on him. He had literally nothing but his rags and the thick slice of bread and butter, which he contrived to swallow somehow between his sobs. There was no use in threatening, bribing or soothing. The child only reiterated "he didn't know nothing about no teaspoon;" and Mrs. Harriman, fairly puzzled as to what step she should take to recover her property, let the boy depart with many misgivings. She was quite confident that he had disposed of the spoon in some way to go away; and had they found the spoon yet?

The cook was completely in the boy's sympathy, and said he was an honest little chap, and she guessed he wouldn't carry off the woodshed. There was a nice comfortable bed was prepared for him, and there he staid, not only that night, but many subsequent nights. Mr. Harriman, when he heard Nan's story, and had looked with the boy himself, had come to the conclusion that the spoons were not taken by him, mysterious as the case certainly was; and there the matter was allowed to rest.

The children had their Whitson festival, and the Trinity season was nearly past, and still small Bob hung around the Harriman farm, helping the man in the field and running errands for Jack the cook, who took a great interest in the child now. He had donned old clothes of Harry's, and when his face was clean and his hair combed, was not at all a bad looking boy—rather a boy, although he was a good-intentioned little girl, she had never quite recovered from the loss of her pretty silver spoon, and in her heart of hearts thought fish ought to know all about the matter.

There sat Jack, the household pet, the tame crow that was almost as much of a pet in the house as the children, on a huge nest of hay, which had been brought from the stable to the Deposit building. He was talking and chuckling to himself in an odd sort of way, and the first thing he pulled out was a long string of colored beads that belonged to Nan's doll. Ever and ever so long ago she had missed them, and thought that the string had probably broken some time when she did not know it.

"The naughty old thief!" she laughed; "the bad old Jack. Give me back my beads this minute, sir!"

One day when Flossie Shephard and her cousin, Ned Gaither, came over to spend the day at the farm, the mystery was solved in the most unexpected manner. Ned was from the city, and nothing suited him better than hunting for eggs, climbing trees, peeping into birds' nests, and racing over the whole place.

After awhile he rushed in from the barn and called out, "Come, here, every one of you. I've found out the oddest kind of an old curiosity shop; come and look!"

Bob, who was drawing a pail of water at the well, looked up so wistfully that Ned said, "Small boy, you can come along, too. It's a jolly good brick on wheels." And then he led them up through the hayloft, where they could look down through the roof of the harness-room.

All that all the children clapped their hands and laughed, and down flew Jack, scolding furiously. Nan ran after him and caught him in her arms, and hugged and scolded him all in a breath; for what do you think there was in the nest beside the string of beads? Why, an old broken doll, a tinsel head-dress, and two silver spoons—one very bright and new, the other dark with Harry's name on the handle. Nan screamed outright with joy, for Harry ran into the house and brought his mother and the cook, and everybody looked and laughed, and everybody hugged the bow saucy Jack looked, and how he ruffled his feathers and put on little injured airs when his property was taken from him.

But that was all Nan got back, and had not a word to say. And Nan, who ran after him, found his eyes full of tears.

"I didn't put the spoons there," he said, when she remembered her naughty words to the beggar. "We never dreamed that Jack would steal; but we've found out that you were the honest one, after all, haven't we?" said Nan, and been such a good boy, Bob, that we couldn't tell it!

Bob looked very happy, but his brown face was perfectly radiant when Mrs. Harriman patted him on the head.

"You must forget all the unpleasant things and remember only the pleasant ones, Bob," she said. "My husband has believed in you and trusted you all the time. But tell me one thing, my boy, why you minded into quiet dropping into chairs and watching Mrs. Harriman complete her pretty work, until Nan suddenly remembered her strawberries. How could she forget?"

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"O mamma, do come here!" cried Nan.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A SOCIAL EVENT.—A social event of marked importance was the wedding on the evening of October 6, of Hon. Marshall Jewell's youngest daughter Florence to William H. Stevens, a merchant dry goods merchant of Detroit. The interest of the affair was enhanced by the performance of the ceremony by the bridegroom's father, the bride's father officiating at the wedding by the parents of the bride. The ceremony which took place at 9 P.M. at Mr. Jewell's residence at Hartford, was witnessed by only the near relatives, and a private affair, the attendance being limited to relatives and intimate friends of the couple. The bride wore a white silk, trimmed richly, yet in quiet taste, with satin and embroidery. The Misses Shoemaker, of Baltimore, and Misses Susie and Emily Jewell, cousins of the bride, were bridesmaids, and Rev. Mr. Twichell, pastor of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church of Hartford, officiated at the nuptials. Wedding presents were lavishly given, including elegant jewelry and silverware, paintings, engravings and other articles appropriate to such an occasion. This evening the grounds adjoining the Governor's residence were illuminated, and from eight to ten the mansion was thronged with the elite of Hartford who had received invitations to the joint reception by the newly wedded couple and Governor and Mrs. Jewell, the latter commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their nuptials. In addition to resident friends many were present specially invited from abroad, and a large party came from New Haven by a special train, they having been favored with reserved seats in the silver car, and especially appreciated, perhaps, was a rich silver epergne from the gentlemen who made the New Haven delegation, the accompanist of the gubernatorial chair of Connecticut. At the close of the reception Mr. and Mrs. Stevens departed on an extended wedding tour. They will make their future residence in Detroit.

THE CZAR IN THE FIELD.—The Emperor, who is, to ordinary observation, the hardest working man in his Empire, leads a very active life. He rises early, and devotes the morning to current affairs and to hard exercise in the stiffs, composed of about fifty officers, assemble in a large boat in front of the imperial residence. Exactly at 9 his Majesty enters, shakes all present by the hand and sits down to table. First is served the zakuska—that is to say, caviare, Swiss cheese, sardines, anchovies, and other such delicacies, with vodka. Soup and roast are then served, and cafe noir or tea completes the repast. After breakfast the Emperor again goes to his study with current affairs or drives out. At 6 o'clock dinner is served. It consists of three or four courses, and lasts about an hour. About 10 o'clock tea is served, and about 10 or half past 10 his Majesty retires for the night.

On fete days the ordinary programme is somewhat modified. There are more than usual, every one is in full uniform, and the Emperor, with his numerous suite, in which the bright uniforms of the American Embassy are conspicuous, rides out and exchanges congratulations with part of the troops. For civilians the life at headquarters is very monotonous.

MRS. LAYARD AND THE SULTAN.—Mrs. Layard is the only European lady, the Empress Eugenie and the Princess of Wales excepted, who has had the privilege of picking her food out of the same dish with the Sultan. At the end of carousing with the Caliph, at table, the customary civilities of well-bred Turkish society, which consists in bust and mouth puffs for lookers-on, and placing the choicest morsels on each other's plates, home few years back, before constitutions, knives and forks were known and used by Turkey, and when the cross-legged during their meals, the amiable attention of giving up what was best to one's neighbor was rather severely taxed by European taste. The tit-bit was singled out, dipped in the gravy, rolled up in the hand, and presented for acceptance at the point of the glistening fingers. There was no insult, for there was no other choice left but to open one's mouth and swallow the greasy pill. The present of a tit-bit, a spoonful of delicacies, and the like, is still considered according to all the usages of civilized life. He keeps a good table, and the wines flow in streams. But his Majesty does not drink wine himself, and in that respect he sets his fair guest were in accord. In inviting a lady to his table, whether his wife, sister, or mother, the Sultan has departed, to a marked manner, from the traditions of his fath'r; and the act was accompanied by the desire to seem emphatically how highly he appreciated the exertions of Mr. and Mrs. Layard in the cause of peace. Even by most of His Majesty's gratitude was simply expressed in gentlemanly thanks, and not in the vulgar tone of a handsome pecuniary reckoning, so as to compel the reported in the diplomatic world of the Upper Bosphorus, who have not yet partaken of the Sultan's hospitality.

GREAT BRITAIN'S PAY LIST.—In the Blue Book of Great Britain for the current year, just published is given the annual allowances paid to the Queen and each of the members of the royal family. Her Majesty Sovereign, of course, her civil list, the sala- grand exponent of the people, household, etc., received £400,709 10s. 8d.; the Prince of Wales £40,000, the Duke of Edinburgh, £25,000, the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold, each £15,000; the Princess of Wales, £10,000, the Duke of Cambridge, £12,000, the Crown Princess of Prussia, £8,000, the Princess Alice Princess Helena Princess Louise and the Duchess of Cambridge, each £6,000, the Princess Mary of Teck, £5,000, the Princess Augusta, Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, £3,000. Turning to the diplomatic pension list on page 47, we find that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe enjoys an allowance of £1,766, Lord Cowley and Lord Napier, each £1,200, Lord Lyons, £1,000, and Sir James Hudson, each £1,300; while eight or ten other gentlemen are rewarded at about half that figure. The chief legal officers of the crown receive the following: Lord Chancellors—each, at £5,000—Lord Chelmsford, Lord Hatherly and Lord Selborne; Sir Wm. Page Wood, £4,750; and Sir Samuel Martin, Sir John Byles, Sir Henry Keating, Lord Penzance, and Sir Richard Baggallay, each £3,500. Lord Russell, Lord Eversley, as ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, is down for a pension of £4,000, while three ex-Speakers, Lord Denman, Sir Charles Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Peregrine Edward Arthur Wyndham Goulburn, Sir Thomas Wilmot Gibbon, have each £2,000. The Lord Chancellor receives £10,000 a year.

W. H. VANDERBILT'S INTEREST AND DIVIDENDS.—W. H. Vanderbilt is the largest receiver of interest and dividends on railroad bonds and securities in the United States, if not in the world. The total is estimated at $7,000,000 per annum, of which about $4,000,000 are from the Central Railroad from the New York and Central Railroad.

AN AGED GRAPE VINE.—At Hampton Court there is a grape vine that covers nearly to the ground 112 years. Its green leaves extend from end to end of a large glass house, and among them, when September opened, were 1,200 clusters of grapes, each weighing half a pound. The court pensioners do not get the fruit, but the Queen's table.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—A newspaper letter writer, who lately sat near the Princess of Wales at the theatre in Copenhagen, describes her appearance: "Her face is exceedingly gentle and pretty, and she smiles as frequently as a pleased school girl on occasion. Her hair is of a dull auburn tint, and in this across her countenance as if she were enduring sudden and acute pain. Her hair is of a pretty golden color, and is worn in a very skillfully dressed style that was invented for her and for a long time worn by no one but her. A large false piece rolls over the back part of her head, and from the forehead backward is one mass of tiny curls and dainty puffs. Her dress was of white silk, with a train that swept the floor. These magnificent are for sale now at the different hair-dressers and in consequence it is not an unusual thing to encounter in the streets ladies who at first glance seem to bear quite a striking resemblance to Alexandra, on account of their wearing the sealpelt style of curls."

"MAGGIE LAUDER."—The heroine of the popular song of "Maggie Lauder," written by Robert Semple, grandson of John Semple, Bard of Ballyton, was a lady of high birth, and celebrated in her day not only as the best dancer in Scotland, but as the fairest. She was the second wife of the famous Sir John the loyal Scottish minstrel. Sir Robert Lauder of Hatton was a staunch Royalist, and was elected lieutenant of one of the Parliamentary troops, then encamped near Dunbar. Sir Robert's servants, being too few in number for the duties of the great establishment, Mistress Margaret, their Master being away, she, however, being a young woman of great courage and spirit, undertook the charge herself, and, armed with a strong fowling piece, she herself to her. Armed with this weapon, and assisted by and after upbraiding the plundering Roundheads with their lawless proceedings, she ripped up all the sacks and bundles of plunder, and, to about four hundred of the Ball that her foes took to flight and left their spoil behind.

THEATRICAL PARIS.—The annual cost of keeping in order the town establishments and seats upon the boulevards is estimated at 1,000,000 francs. Paris is worth $100,000. It is estimated that the cost of the Grand Opera House in Paris was $1,501 time to the contractors 10,000, and the cost of the splendid and magnificent of various buildings $300. There are also 8,000 seats for the accommodation of the public.

A CHAPEL CHAIR AND LOCKET.—Fifteen thousand dollars in gold was paid for a watch and chain locked by a combination in Manchester, England. The watch cost $250 dollars, and in the centre of the back is a stone of elastic finish. There are twenty links to the chain, half of which are studded with diamonds, and the locket contains the monogram of the owner.

How Saltbran Took Her Porter.

In Baldy's next opera, "The Maid of Artois," he had the incomparable Saltbran for his heroine. Two amusing anecdotes are connected with this role. During the last rehearsals it became dissatisfied with the finale, Saltbran on the contrary, insisted that it was the most brilliant piece in the opera, and pronounced it madness to alter it. But Baldy was determined it should be altered. At night a clock one morning he carried off the last lodgings with a new composition he had written during the night. Madame had not risen yet, but her husband, Le Breton, was in the drawing-room. To him Baldy played over the air, he was enchanted, and said his wife must hear it at once. But the lady, not caring to be disturbed, and still bent upon singing the first finale, refused. Baldy suggested that a small cottage piano should be carried up to her bed-room, and that, willy-nilly, she should listen. Le Breton assented. The instrument was taken up stairs, the window-curtains opened, and, amid the indignant remonstrances of the lady, the strolling composer began to play the rondo. He had got through only a few bars when Saltbran found herself upon the floor. Such an air of attention, and soon her face began to glow with delight. When it was finished she burst into the most enthusiastic admiration, and promised to sing the piece at rehearsal that morning. Its success was immense; and Mr. Bateman, Baldy's biographer, informs us that it carried its composer's name over the whole of Europe. Saltbran, by the way, became an established favorite, there being known as "Baldy's Air." Years afterward, when he was presented to Napoleon at a Court concert, he was asked if he were not "the Baldy of the Air?" and it gives the second vocalist on the platform a chill to see the Emperor shaking the first two acts in such a flood of delight that it was all the poor fellow could do superhuman effort to continue its glory to the fall of the curtain. I went to her dressing-room after the performance to congratulate her, and to ask how she felt. 'Very tired,' she replied; but if you will try to get me a pint of porter into the dressing-room I will try to sing the piece to your finale.' So it was arranged that behind a pillar of drifted sand, on which she had to fall in a state of exhaustion, toward the close of the concert scene, a small aperture should be made in the canvas, through which, when called to his work, containing the same beverage, with which she nightly recruited her exhausted energies."

How to Get an Appetite.

To a man or woman without an appetite, "the best the market affords" presents little or no attraction. The sooner such a hapless individual puts the gastric organ in a condition to enjoy the edible comforts which a bountiful Providence has provided the more reason there will be to feel grateful for the suggestion. To do this, invigorate the stomach with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great tonic that organ to digest properly, and, since good digestion is the parent of appetite, give birth to a desire for food of the interval of time passed by such an abnormal want of appetite are usually associated nervousness, biliousness and constipation; there evils which are speedily overcome by the Bitters—house-wives of a dyspeptic or bilious tendency should use this healthful tonic daily, or at least three or four times a week a permanent cure will be the result. Use the Bitters from a radical change for the better in the condition of the stomach and associated organs.

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FAREWELL.

BY OSS. ARNOLD.

Good-by, Sibby; the frost leaves that grew
So thick upon your window pane are falling;
And all the mellow-colored forest through
Autumn's sad footsteps in the solitude are calling.
From rustling hazel copse and tangled dell,
Where shadows deepen,
Fragrant, fruity Summer,
Farewell, farewell!

Upon the windy hill, in meager a field,
The withered grass is waiting for the shower,
And where the locust utters its bitumen mad yield,
The sickly cricket's dirge is all the music there is over.
Sibby has a solitary leaf a knell,
Pensive, sweet Summer,
Honey-laden Summer,
Fond farewell!

Good-by, Sibby, and hush, and loosen make moan,
For soon the bitter winter will be here,
And sleet and ice will cover every stone,
And you will miss the sunshine and the summer's waning.
Sibby, I see you've almost ceased to grieve,
Fair, but faded Summer,
Frost farewell!

My Mysterious Sitter.

"Mr. Graham!" said a sweet voice inquiringly at the door of my studio early one fair Spring morning in the year of grace 1871.

I looked up in astonishment, for a visitor at eight o'clock in the morning was unknown to my establishment, and my servant had gone out to get my breakfast, so that my visitor had found her way upstairs without any assistance, and stood on the threshold of my door, hesitating.

When I looked up I saw a young girl dressed so mourning, simply indeed, but elegantly, and so evidently a lady that my surprise increased as I rose, bowed, and intimated that I was Mr. Graham. She bowed in answer, and as she stood in silence for a minute, I glanced at her face, and saw that it was one of rare beauty. Large dark eyes, with long fringes casting a shadow on the fair rounded cheek, a pretty mouth, perfect mouth, exquisite contour of face, brilliant complexion, and sunny-brown hair, formed a charming test ensemble, and, looking at her from a professional point of view, I said wishin myself.

"To pede and goddesses, what a model!"

"I want you to paint me," she said after a slight pause, speaking simply, but with a little constraint, "not a picture—a small miniature. Can you—will you, Mr. Graham?"

"I shall be very happy," I answered in a matter-of-fact manner to relieve her evident embarrassment. "At what hour will it be convenient for you to sit?"

"At eight o'clock every Thursday and Saturday," she answered, coloring. "I hope it is not too early for you; but I cannot—I cannot come at any other hour. Will it do?"

"Yes; I can manage it," I answered. "Would you like to give me my first sitting this morning?"

Her face brightened; she began to unfasten her cloak with trembling, eager fingers; then suddenly paused.

"Before you begin," she said hastily, and subsiding in the roots of her pretty hair, "I must tell you this. Mr. Graham, you will think me very—very odd, I fear, but I have no money. Will you let me pay you with this?"

She took a ring off her finger and held it towards me. It consisted of brilliants and sapphires, and was exceedingly handsome. I repressed a smile; there was something singularly touching in the tone of her voice, in the grand manner, the pained face, and tremulous voice; but I could not help being amused at the oddness of my adventure.

"You shall pay me when and how you like," I replied, quietly. "That is an after consideration. The pleasure I shall have in painting you will more than repay the trouble." I continued, seeing how anxious she was that I should take her jewel. "If you persist you will deprive me of having that pleasure at all."

"You are very kind," she replied, with a little smile.

I pulled forward a chair for her. It was a large, deep, old-fashioned fauteuil; and as she sat down, she looked very young and child like.

"I must trouble you to take off your hat," I said, smiling.

She did so, and at the same she took out the fastenings of her hair, and it fell in heavy waves over her shoulders.

"Will you paint me so?" she said, coloring again. "The person for whom the likeness is well like best."

"Certainly."

As I glanced at her critically I could not help thinking that I had never had a fairer subject to copy. It was not a strictly perfect face, but it was a purely lovely one, and I could see that the person for whom the miniature was to be—a lover, of course—would have every reason to be proud of the beauty of his little darling, lover."

As I proceeded with my work we chatted a little. She was evidently intelligent and well educated, and I soon found out that she was acquainted, and well acquainted, with foreign lands.

"I travelled a great deal with papa," she explained. "He died two years ago. Since then I have lived in England. I am very fond of it little, then she added, smiling, "I could find not way easily about Vienna, nor should I be very much at a loss if you were to set me down at the Porte del Popolo at Rome."

The hour passed very quickly. I was surprised and sorry when, at nine o'clock struck, she sprang up with a start, and caught up her hat.

"I must go," she said quickly. "May I come on Saturday at the same time? Oh! Mr. Graham, I cannot tell you how much pleasure you have given me, how much gratitude I owe you!"

"The pleasure and gratitude are on my side."

I answered, as I bowed her out, and watched the little, graceful figure flit across the pavement down the street, which was a very quiet one in the out-end of that brilliant and fashionable London-super-Mare yclept Brighton.

On Saturday punctual to the mysterious visitor appeared again: greeted me with more ease of manner this time; showered down her sunny manes of waving hair, and chatted pleasantly during her sitting; departing at nine o'clock still leaving me ignorant of her name and address, while I respected her reticence too much to inquire into her reasons for silence. It seemed altogether a most singular proceeding for a girl in her position; and another mysterious feature was her impecuniosity, when every detail of her dress, from her hat to her dainty slippers, betokened wealth.

When the miniature was midway on its end to completion I received a letter which took me away from Brighton, and I was absent about a month.

On my return I was rendering her to commemorate with my unknown client, when, on the first Thursday after, at her usual hour, she came up the stairs, and appeared at the door of my studio looking radiant as of old—so, and standing a fresh, cool, white dress, trimmed with black knots of ribbon.

"I am so glad you have returned!" she said, coming forward quickly. "I want you to finish it, Graham. I am anxious to send your rather absent and distracte, and attributed her languor to the heat of the July morning; but after half an hour had slipped by silently, she looked up suddenly, and said:

"You have been abroad, Mr. Graham. How are matters looking in Paris? Will there be war, do you think?"

The question amazed and startled me. Politics seemed quite out of place when spoken of by those of feminine gender.

"I think it cannot be avoided," I replied, gravely. "The French are determined to fight, and I don't envy them the thrashing they will receive. It is well merited."

She turned pale, and lifted her eyes to mine with an expression of frightened surprise in their brown, velvety depths.

"You do not think the French will lose?" she said, tremulously. "Oh, Mr. Graham, I hope not. Surely you are mistaken. They must win."

"It is difficult to judge in such early days," I said. "It is impossible that I mistake. Your sympathies are all for France then, mademoiselle?"

"I love France," she said, simply, but I saw and regretted the impression my words had made.

The declaration of war was made a few days before the miniature was finished and I was sorry to see how evidently anxious and unhappy my early visitor was. She had grown paler and thinner, and there was a shade in her eyes which I had never seen before.

"I have taken a sketch of you," I said, on the morning when her likeness was finished; "if you will allow me to keep it, and use it sometimes, I will repay me most liberally for my work."

"It does not seem right, Mr. Graham," she said, earnestly. "Of course you can use it; but in three months I shall be of age, and then you will let me pay you, will you not? I cannot feel happy else."

I smiled at her as I gave her the miniature. She looked at it a moment, and two large tears welled up and rolled heavily down her cheeks.

"It is very like," she said. "He will like it." Then she looked up, bravely smiling through her tears. "Some one else will think so, Mr. Graham. Your work is going to Strasburg."

"I hope he is worthy of the treasure he has won," I said, gently.

She flushed and trembled.

"Abundantly worthy of all, and a thousand times more," she said, passionately.

She gave me both hands then, and as she took me "kind-bye," thanking me again and again; and I watched her as she walked quickly away, wondering when and where it would be if we ever met again. I saw her once about a month after, seated in a handsome carriage, beside a stern faced old lady, looking pale and sorrowful, regardless of the carriages, bands, promenaders, and all the other attractions of the Parade and King's Road; but a few days after I left Brighton for Paris, and though I often wondered what had become of my interesting unknown, I saw the sweet face no more.

Four years slipped agar: I had won fame and money during that time. I could write these magical initials R. A after my name, and my picture sold as soon as exhibited. Appointment I was not, for I refused the honors, or entrails of a deer, which were in the choice time made into a fine servante, while their masters feasted off the haunch.

HURLY BURLY.

"When the battle's lost and won."
—Thunder.

This word Skinner thinks, is derived from—to whirl, it is probably no other than hurl, in its contemporaneous usage of stir, commotion, tumult, and hurly-burly—big boisterous.

Henderson remarks that, however mean this word may seem in its present usage, it came somewhat of Shakespeare by the authority of H. Pescham, who in a book professing to teach the ornaments of language, designated hurly-burly as an onomatopoeia, signifying an uproar, tumult, &c.

We have also another origin of the word, which be died of, and is derived from the Celtic hurl and Burleigh, which filled their part of the country with contest and violence, hence the saying, "What a hurly burly you make in the house," whenever there was a noise or confusion.

ITS MYSTIC ORIGIN OF THE WORD.

The parentage of this oast into a pervasive word is involved in the greatest obscurity. A writer in the "Encyclopedia Londinensis," London, 1824, says: "The earliest instance in which I have met with it is in Fielding's Amelia' published in 1741. Going back, however, to the year 1600, we find the word, as it appears to me, is met with in another form. Nature but very loose book, called the 'Loves of Hero and Leander,' by George Chapman, the translator of Homer, printed anonymously in 1677, we find the lines:

Enough quoth Hero say no more.
Hurle thou thy spoile in house of yore.'

"This edition of the work is not mentioned by Lowndes, but in that of 1653, which is noticed by him, there were found the lines. In the Bodleian and British Museum, the word, if I recollect aright, is printed 'murdering,' erroneously perhaps. It appears to me that the word 'hurle' in the first word was originally compounded of mum, signifying a silence, and burg, a place or goblin, a burglar, thus making a very apt device to frighten another into silence." Mum is also found in the Saxon, and has been supposed to have represented in Chaucer's time by the word 'mum' as that appears to be the meaning in 'The Miller's Tale,' thus:

"Then wen stille wel a seint Nicholay.
Now Peter Noniy, stone good Nicholay.

Mum is also found in the Anglo-Saxon, Alemon's Glossary, under the word 'mum' is not the correct reading.

The word 'hum,' according to Richardson, is applied to the noise of bees, and to any similar sound, that of water, &c. Spenser says, in his Epithalamion:

Ye blessed angels which do ever sing
About the throne whereon the Lamb doth sit,
Sing loud unto my love your heavenly timpanes.

We have here another origin, which, in our opinion, is more likely to be the true one than the unity of the two words already given. It is this. The word 'humbug' is said to have come from Hamburg. During a period when Cows were revelled on the Continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburg, that at last the word Hamburg, or humbug, became the by statement he would say, 'You had that from Hamburg,' and thus, 'That is Hamburg,' or 'Humbug,' their hands being used behind their backs. We have heard it stated that some forty years ago a German physician named Homberg, played so many successful tricks upon the credulity of the Hamburgers that he was equivalent to taking him in. The word Hamburg, or humbug, thus subsequently popularized into humbug. Others again say that it is derived from the gambling place of Homberg, the spot where the Prince of Wales and Duke of Orleans are correct, the quotation from Hero and Leander must be wrong.

HUREAH!

The cry of "Hurrah" was proved by a German writer to have been received by the Germans from people coming from Asia. The land of the Huns is hervaenderung. It was then "Harra," subsequently changed to the wars with the Slaves. Huns and Magyars, and in the 13th century, by John de Plano Carpini, who has lived for several years in India, gives a still

FURTHER EXPLANATION

of the origin of the term. The word 'Harra,' 'Harra' really 'Harria' was got by the old Germans in the first place from people who wandered into Europe from Central Asia. The land of the Huns of the west to this day among the Hindoos of Eastern India as a designation for God, being one of their names for the great Deity, as Vishnu, the Preserver, is also a thing difficult to accomplish they cry 'Harri! Harri!' This is very frequently used by the Hindoo boatmen, when they have to pull their boats down a canal bank in the Ganges. Putting all their strength together they cry out

HARRI! HARRI! HARRI!

and exert their utmost power until they bring her ashore. When the boatmen are towing the boat up the stream and come to a strong current where they wish to go quickly and securely over difficult and dangerous parts, the word cry is used. It is also used by the Arabs, the word cry of which is 'Harri!' it is the word 'Hurra!' it is used by the Mohammedans in their devotions at his own residence, and feels the necessity of devotional help. The word 'Harri,' therefore, which our forefathers got from the people emigrating to Europe and Asia, and from which the cry of 'Hurrah!' is derived, signifies 'come help us!'

FURTHER EXPLANATION.

Another writer says: "The origin of this word belongs to the primitive times, that every man that dies heroically for his country goes straight to Heaven—His-ray (to Paradise); and it is so that in the short word order of language, the expression of victory, as the Turks do that of 'Allah!' each animating himself to the certitude of immediate recompense to forget death, and to conquer or die.

Hurra, is in similar usage with that of Hurrah, in our day. The derivation of the word Hurra is simply that of a word which has been used by Asiatics—or him. It originated with the Hungarian Huns, and is also, or from Hoonnah, which derivation appears to be very plausible, as the following from Pliny favors the first:

If the last is true, the Huns in the chimney pale, and keeps therewith a hundred noise, we find by experience that it forthwith tempest and stormie weather."

I.

I CAN'T SEE IT.

The origin of this phrase is traced to Lord Nelson, who at the battle of Copenhagen was told that a signal was given to cease firing, and the direction pointed out to him. Applying a telescope, he applied it to his blind eye, and exclaimed, "I can't see it," hence the phrase.

I DON'T CARE A DAM.

Dam is a small Indian coin mentioned in the Arabian code of laws; hence originally was this. The carpenters of London had a long pole reared in front of their workshop, upon which, as a vane, they used a dam to show which way the wind was blowing. As the wax strongly resembled a lord; hence the proverb "I don't care a hawk from a horsebrake, or horn-shaw," as the hawk is the bird of the forest, the hawker is distinguished the difference between these two birds, and if he could not distinguish them, he was considered very much in the condition of having

I KNOW A HAWK FROM A HAND-SAW.

This was a well-known proverb long before Shakespeare's time, the earliest record of which was in the carpenters of London had a long pole reared in front of their workshop, upon which, as a vane, they used a dam to show which way the wind was blowing. As the wax strongly resembled a lord; hence the proverb "I don't care a hawk from a horsebrake, or hern-shaw," as the hawk is the bird of the forest, the hawker is distinguish the difference between these two birds, and if he could not distinguish them, he was considered very much in the condition of having

I KNOW A HAWK FROM A HAND-SAW.

The falcon or hawk was trained to fly at the "heronshaw." When having became a favorite amusement in England in her days of feudal grandeur, laws were enacted for the preservation of these feathered favorites, and the person who destroyed their eggs was liable to a penalty of twenty shillings for each offence.

"Not to know the hawk from the heronshaw," was an old proverb, taken, originally, from this diversion, but, in the course of time, served to express great ignorance of any science. In our country we have one far more expensive if not classical, and he is: "He don't know a tee from a bull's foot."

At what a cost of fashions made their flight,
Their pinions shorn, their wings to wing.
The whiles they strike at him with heedless might,
The wary fowle his bill doth backward wring.

SPENSER.

ILLUSTRATION.

This was introduced as a title by Constantine, who divided his magistrates into three classes the Illustrious, the Spectabile and the Clarissimi. Illustrious was bestowed upon the Consuls and Patricians was Respectable upon the Proconsuls of Asia, Achia and Africa, and the Clarissimi upon the Governors of provinces.

The Illustrious Prefect; that abroad so long advanc'd her seat.
By her illustrious Earls removed every where."

DRYDEN.

INDIA RUBBER CONVENIENCE.

Many supposes the origin of this saying to be coeval with that of the discovery of the use of India rubber.

Such is not the fact—it is merely changing the name of "chevreril conscience," for that of India rubber.

The former was used to express the same meaning in Shakespeare's time.

"Prythee, no more. Thou dost give me a wounding conscience."

Shakespeare. Chevre signs, Fr. chevreuxus Italian; cuavrolin. Latin capreolus.

The French word, chevril, is stretching, pliant, like kid leather. Chevron, French, means kid, from Chevre, a goat. See Richardson.)

He had a tongue for every humor of men.
A chevreril conscience and a searching wit.

Middleton.

Michael Drayton, a poet and popular writer, who died in the early part of the seventeenth century, but whose writings had already been favorably received at the close of the sixteenth century.

And as the learned Greek can maidenize
Unto the Centaur's double form applies
Which fill the power of thy Chevril conscience to,
So right, or wrong, thou canst accommodate
Unto thy blades."

B. Jonson, Poetaster, Act I, Sc. II.

—And which quills
Saying your own words, and not what you would
Of your soft Chivrell conscience would receive,
If you might take them.

Shakespeare. Henry VIII., Act 2 Sc. 3.

IS OPITE OR HIS TEETH.

In giving the origin of this expression, we also give an instance of the tyranny and cruelty of feudal times. King John had demanded of a Jew 10,000 marks. On being refused the King ordered one of the Jew's teeth to be drawn daily till he consented. The unfortunate Jew lost seven teeth, and then yielded to the torture the sum required. Hence the phrase 'in spite of his teeth.'

IN SPITE OF YOU.

This phrase is to be found in many of the old English plays. The word "lemur" is derived from the foreign word "lemures," signifying ghosts or spectres. "Undere lethyne permedere." To beat to brains with blows. The word "slam" is used in the same sense. Shakespeare says:

"And slam'd ye shall be ere we leave you."

—Beaumont and Fletcher

"Not that I have
Beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten
For what you have received. Those strokes I feel
As sensible as the dull spring and fall. Shall
Rather than you, be lighted on."

Massinger. The two strokes mentioned are the legitimate word "lamm," given the following derivation of it. "In short the tumult thickened and did not begin to abate until seven birds, and then yielded to the tyrant